The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Waning Colonialism

IT IS comparatively easy for Americans to take a superior attitude on the subject of colonialism. For decades our expanding western frontier supplied the raw materials and new human needs that kept our economy humming except for brief periods of panic. And when the frontier as such had exhausted its expansive possibilities, there were timely foreign wars, famines and other disturbances to take up the slack. By 1929, when the great depression struck, it was rather late to go out in search of new lands to exploit. So that American colonialism has for the most part taken an economic rather than a political form. And the resentment which our exploitation has aroused in such underdeveloped areas as Latin America is paralleled within this country by hostility to Wall Street on the part of the economically subservient South and West.

From our vantage point of comparative eminence, then, there is a temptation to find great fault with both our French and British allies for trying to stem the march of history. The occasions for criticism are plentiful enough.

The French are hard-pressed both in Morocco and Indo-China, apparently holding on grimly to a cause that is lost without admitting it. In resisting French demands, Sultan Sidi Mohammed is believed to have the support not only of the people of Morocco but of other North Africans and of Mohammedans as far removed as Indonesia. They resent the double pay and other privileges which Frenchmen enjoy in their country. They want to be rid of French overlordship at long last.

In their once prosperous colony of Indo-China the French do not enjoy the support of the people either. Few natives have rallied to the puppet-emperor Bao Dai or the French national and colonial troops who are defending them from the Communists. The staunchest anti-Communist native groups demand their own arms. The effort to force Morocco and Indo-China to remain in the French Union seems as costly as it is vain.

Britain has been more far-sighted in the development of her Dominions scheme. The independence granted India after the war has made a profound impression. The British have, however, been hanging on in Hong Kong and highly productive Malaya. In Iran until very recently the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has been conducting its affairs much as it has done for decades. But the days of the British as overlords also appear to be numbered.

One of the basic weaknesses of the French and British situations is the failure to aim at independence and prepare their charges for it. As a result immediate liberation from the white master would tend to result in chaos. The people of Iran want their nation to take over the oilfields; they are incapable of operating them. The Vietnamese want independence for Indo-China; there is grave doubt that they would be able to defend their land against an invasion by the Chinese Communists. It must be recognized that this general demand for political freedom, which is sweeping the colonial areas of the globe, is not everywhere spontaneous. In Iran, Indo-China and Malaya, for example, the Communists are particularly skillful in fomenting it. The aspiration is nonetheless genuine and deep-seated.

THE United States is involved indirectly. We should press for a solution that provides a solid response to these native aspirations—a program comprising a well-planned series of steps in each case. In the interests of mother and colony we should stand ready to aid both during the period of transition. (Latest reports from Iran indicate how Americans have promised without performing and otherwise have been woefully ineffectual in recent interventions in the strategic Middle East.) Secondly we should do everything possible to sustain the economic and political development of those nations which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have but lately emerged from a colonial status, such as India, Indonesia and the Philippines. Finally, America should continually ameliorate the opportunities for members of the darker races within our own borders and liberalize our immigration. For all this an intensive Point IV program would serve as an economic base.

Hiring Mexican Farm Hands

THE more that comes to light about the importing of foreign laborers by big growers in the Far West, the more reprehensible the system seems. Gladwin Hill's latest dispatches to the New York *Times* on migratory labor have to do with the conditions under which the men are signed up in Mexico itself.

At Hermosillo, capital of the state of Sonora, one of the three appointed Mexican hiring centers, twelve thousand penniless aspirants have for weeks been camping out in a city park. They have swelled the city's population by a full one-fifth. This naturally has brought on a local relief problem (of unheard-of proportions) to which individual citizens, the town itself and state authorities have responded valiantly if inadequately.

By the end of April pressure on the locality had somewhat lessened. Some 2,400 men have been hired, another four thousand have dispersed while six thousand hopefully remain, kept alive by emergency field kitchens, a dispensary and private charity. Men can be taken on for six-month's (or one year's) importation into the United States as late as June 30.

The most galling part of the whole process is the uncertainty of it all. Men have to wait on the scene for weeks. Day after day there is no hiring. Some days hundreds of men must stand for hours under the broiling sun while the representative of some California grower selects some fifty from their number. Then there is another indefinite wait until another rancher arrives.

This country is not solely to blame if the dollar is more stable than the peso and if our wage rates for farm labor are more than double Mexico's. But the system of recruiting and hiring presented here is clearly an inhuman one; it manifests little if any regard for the worker.

Moreover there is grave doubt that our western growers have made an adequate canvas of available domestic farm labor. Importation of docile, uninstructed Mexicans is at the expense of our own under-employed citizenry; it depresses working standards. And in addition to the thousands who undergo the hiring ordeal alluded to here, thousands more ("wetbacks") come here illegally seeking jobs—fugitives who are even less able to obtain decent working conditions.

If the object is to help our poorer neighbors, there are better methods. An enlightened policy on water for Mexico coupled with extensive technical advice and training would accomplish far more for the Mexican farm worker right in his own home environment without jeopardizing the meager existence of our own.

Prosperity Guaranteed?

WHEN goods fail to move off his shelves with expected rapidity, the shopkeeper grasps at explanations. Easter comes prematurely or belatedly this year, the weather is unseasonable or people are staying home to keep close to their television sets. Then if the goods and unwanted services continue to pile up the truth begins to penetrate: something more than a temporary dislocation has come into play here. Men and women are not buying for some basic reason.

In recent weeks a number of American shopkeepers have experienced hard sledding. Many had over-anticipated the wave of scare-buying in preparation for war shortages. Consumers themselves, resentful of the continuing upsurge in prices, have added to the difficulty by putting on unorganized but rather effective buyers' strikes.

Nowhere has the merchant's plight been more aptly illustrated than with purveyors of television sets, who have been falling all over themselves to dispose of their costly wares, with handsome-looking trade-in allowances and price slashes. The demand was greatly overestimated. In metropoli-

• NEXT WEEK •

WILLIAM PFAFF writes of Robert O. Bowen's *The Weight of the Cross.*

"Every man who has ever experienced an army training cycle knows how life can be forcibly simplified. Even at the training station, where there are Westerns on Saturday and GI beer on week nights, an individual's circle of existence becomes smaller and smaller, until it includes a bed and meals and protection from the rain—above everything else a few hours of freedom from the omnipresent whistle. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tan areas, where adequate channels are available, the only market to speak of is that of replacements; television sets have reached the saturation point.

This new industry, which is supposed to supply the new human wants that keep our economic system expanding—and therefore viable—faces a second dubious prospect. When areas in the hinterlands are opened up for television, the pinch for critical metals will be on. So that when the sets now gathering dust in metropolitan stores are finally unloaded, manufacturers cannot look forward to producing adequately for areas hitherto untapped. A detail, perhaps, but enough to show that defense production does not guarantee prosperity.

USSR in the '52 Olympics

WHEN ideological warfare provides a strong accompaniment to international sporting events, as it did in the 1936 Olympics, bad feeling all round can be the principal result. Russian participation in the coming Olympics does not augur well for the 1952 games.

Soviet athletes do not fraternize with their fellow-contestants. They will be under orders (not merely exhortations) to win. They have already acquitted themselves well against the best the Continent can offer. And so next February they will cross the border to nearby Oslo for the winter sports events and several months later journey to Helsinki, feeling that everything depends upon their winning. But perhaps Europe will feel grateful if by a year from next summer it has had to confront nothing more formidable than Soviet athletes.

Nonpartisan Job

IT WAS Henry McLemore, a columnist for the Hearst press, who said the other day that General MacArthur was done in "by a man who wears ventilated shoes." While it may be true enough that this observation fails to satisfy all the rules and requirements of intellectual nicety, it strikes us, simply as a symptom of the mental mood of the times, as being one of the most accurate and penetrating things we have heard lately. There is in it a little of the intemperate bite of Mr. Truman writing to the Washington music critic, and there is quite a bit of the McCarthy grapeshot method of spraying the target; it suggests, too, the no-holds-barred mentality of the last Maryland political campaign, with the composite picture of Tydings and Browder. All in all it is a pretty good sample of the kind of thing we seem to be getting used to in the arena of political controversy.

The flight from reason, the emotional binge, is a downward flight for the rational animal, and we ought to have seen enough of it in the last thirty-odd years of Communism and Fascism to know that it can take us straight in the direction of a crack-up. One thing leads to another rather fast on this course, until eventually a country can lose its head, can swallow the most dangerous of propositions, racial or otherwise, and shout itself hoarse and hollow in the process.

As Americans, we have an almost inborn belief that this can't happen here, or not, at least, outside the Paramount Theatre on a day when the bobby-soxers are falling all over the place under the spell of Frank Sinatra.

And indeed, it can't happen here as long as reason prevails. We need now, as we enter upon one of the most important debates in our history, to hear men and their arguments according to their merits, and that takes a clear head.

Only in this way is it possible to make the kind of distinctions that must be made now. In taking our own stand in support of Mr. Truman in this matter, we assumed that it was quite clear, since it is a matter of written record, that we were not thereby endorsing or supporting everything the Truman Administration has done or said regarding the Far East in the last six years. And we trust that those who have favored General MacArthur's removal will have the calmness now to hear and judge carefully the testimony and the recommendations he makes to the investigating committees of Congress.

What we must have, at the earliest hour, is the most thoughtful and positive foreign policy possible for arresting the advance of Communism in the Far East, taking into rightful consideration the importance of building up our defenses in Europe, and making the most sober estimate of the whole thing that we can. The job calls for a combination of physical and intellectual fitness on our part and that, so far as politics is concerned, is a nonpartisan job. In this debate, it matters little to us who suffers or gains, the Democrats or the Republicans. What is important is that we hear every idea, judge it squarely and then get on with the job in a spirit of fairness and firmness, before we lose, internally and externally, everything that this country has come to stand for.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Big Parade

FRIDAY, April 20th was MacArthur Day in New York. And what a tribute it turned out to be! Commissioner Murphy said there were seven and a half million people out on the streets to greet the General. Tons and tons of paper were showered from the office buildings and hotel rooftops. Some of it—not much, the streetcleaners followed the big shiny car as they used to follow horses—still littered the streets hours later.

Things were quieted down then, the shouting was over and the street sounds were mournful, as they are in the Manhattan where one rarely hears the cries of playing children but only the sad cacophony of traffic horns calling to each other. By the dinner hour the streets that only a few hours earlier had rocked with clamor and friendly excitement became lonely, like a wedding house after the bride and groom and guests are gone. Bits of stray ticker tape still streamed from office windows or lay tangled around fire plugs, but the party was over. What had given a note of festivity earlier was now shabby evidence of the short, uncertain life given to mass emotion.

The General and his family were back at the Waldorf, and the seven and a half million had disappeared as abruptly as they appeared. By this hour they were hidden under their own roofs, in Brooklyn, the Bronx, Harlem, the East Side, the suburbs—back they had gone, one by one, to swank apartments, cold-water flats, mansions, hovels, ranch-style houses, hotels, barracks, hall-bedrooms, convents, flop houses, hospitals, fraternity buildings, trailer camps, pullman cars, all the places where seven and a half million people hide themselves during the hours when New York business streets are lonely.

It is a long time since we had a popular hero moving slowly down these streets. From this office every few weeks you can see an official welcome-parade passing down Fourth Avenue, the standard treatment given visiting diplomats, South American politicos, friendly foreign dignitaries. But they hardly count, for most are more chore than cheer, done without enthusiasm—as necessary maybe as a handshake but as casual. When these little parades pass by, the office workers barely stop to receive the frozen smile and stylized wave of the visitors.

It was a different story April 20th. MacArthur got a wholehearted greeting. He was welcomed as a popular hero, and the role fitted him like a General's uniform. Throughout, he never made a move unworthy of the spotlight.

The people shouted and cheered, and what they were cheering for, or against, would be hard to say. For many, undoubtedly, every huzzah for MacArthur was a Bronx cheer for Truman, Acheson and company. Some were merely cheering old victories and new, the costly defeat of Japan and that once-hated country's subsequent 'democratization' ("I know of no nation . . . in which higher hopes can be entertained for future constructive service in the advance of the human race.") Some were cheering just because it is good to stand out on the streets with seven and a half million other people and feel alive and part of things, and what better symbol of life to choose than the gallant old warrior in the twilight of his years ready, but not quite yet, to fade away.

Life in a country without a royal family, without an accepted religious ritual and with an anti-militarist tradition may sometimes seem to lack color, however great the advantages of a civilan government symbolized by the man in the grey double-breasted. It isn't always enough for us separately to indulge our thirst for the romantic and the colorful by reading or day dreaming. Every now and then we have to get out on the streets, stand together, shout together, feel good together and be shamelessly emotional together.

We used to do it for channel swimmers and duration flyers, and once it was done for the young Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, later the Duke of Windsor, who must have had a small reminder of a certain day in 1924 when he and the Duchess walked out of the Waldorf past a group waiting for the MacArthurs. A newspaperman saw the scene, and he reported that there was a small cheer for the aging royal couple, too.

The MacArthur welcome out-shone them all. Maybe because there hasn't been one for so long. Maybe because tensions are greater than they used to be and the need to blow off steam is more urgent. Maybe because the General was such a perfect recipient, with his own dramatic flair and keen theatrical sense. Maybe because MacArthur with his long service to his country was deemed more worthy of acclaim than anyone else on whom the ticker tape has fluttered. Maybe because people felt a very certain way about an old soldier who stood before them and told them, softly, that he was ready now quietly to fade away.

And maybe seven and a half million people really came out that day to show their united disapproval of the MacArthur ouster and to express their dissatisfaction with the present foreign policy. But if this is so, we are making greater strides in arousing popular political interest than was heretofore suspected.

Maybe the seven and a half million were moved by all these considerations, more or less, each for reasons of his own. Whatever the reason, they came. It was a good parade and a lot of fun and the General was magnificent. Emotion ran high; you could feel it like electricity in the air. It was a wonderful atmosphere for welcoming home a hero.

But the later time, when the streets were lonely and the remaining festive paper looked sad as drooping blossoms, and the seven and a half million were no longer a great shouting mass but seven and a half million separate citizens, charged with the responsibility of living in a democracy—that was a better time to make up one's mind which side to choose in the current debate.

JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andre Gide

His early upbringing and his revolt against it is the staple of his best work.

By MARTIN TURNELL

GIDE'S work has never aroused the same violent differences of opinion in English-speaking countries as it has on the continent of Europe and it has never had the sort of moral influence on a younger generation that Roger Martin du Gard describes in his novel *Les Thibault*. England was scarcely aware of the bitter controversy which divided the French literary world in the 'twenties; and even without the deterrent of our libel laws, we can hardly imagine an English writer feeling sufficiently strongly about Gide to follow the example of the Frenchman who published a book called *A Malefactor —André Gide*. One of the reasons is no doubt that Gide was not as widely read in England as he deserved to be, but the people who did read him differed about the value of his work. It was fashionable in certain intellectual circles to speak of him admiringly as 'the greatest living writer,' but there were good judges who declared frankly that they found him 'unreadable.' The truth seems to me to lie midway between these extremes. Gide was certainly overpraised by the Francophiles. He was not a great writer in the accepted sense and nothing he wrote is of the calibre of the real masterpieces of French fiction; but he was a distinguished figure whose finest work will probably outlast most of the more ambitious productions of our time. The best service that we can render to his memory is to dissociate ourselves from old controversies and prejudices and to try to see what constituted his real distinction.

When we glance at the varied list of Gide's published work, his range seems much wider than it was. He only had one really profound experience. It was his Protestant upbringing and his revolt against it, and it is the staple of his best work. A good way of approaching it is to re-read *Le Retour de l'enfant prodigue* which appeared in 1907. In this book Gide gives a personal interpretation of the parable of the Prodigal Son. His prodigal returns to the fold not in a mood of repentance, but in a mood of frustration and disappointment because he has been driven back by physical privation at the moment when he seemed to be on the point of achieving his mysterious goal. Gide provides him with a younger brother who sets out on the same errand with the connivance of the prodigal and the promise to join him when he has made good. Now the prodigal is not merely a partial portrait of the artist; he is the prototype of the prodigals, outsiders, rebels, orphans, outsiders and intruders of the other works of fiction; and, as we shall see, the 'fold' becomes transformed in them into the specifically Protestant community or cell.

In three of his most interesting works of fiction, Gide describes the fortunes of the human couple in the Protestant cell. In *La Porte étroite*, published in 1909, Jérôme and his cousin Alissa are in love and the drama of their love is played out on Uncle Bucolin's property in Normandy. In the first chapter we find ourselves in a walled garden, which stands for the rather stuffy Protestant community of uncles and aunts, looking out at the great world which lies, tantalizingly, just out of reach. In the second we are told of Jérôme's upbringing and of the docility with which he accepts the tyrannical Protestant ethic. Although Alissa returns his love, she will not marry him because to her marriage seems incompatible with the sanctity for which she is striving. It is strange that some critics have taken this for a 'religious novel.' Gide himself describes it in his *Journal* as 'a critical work,' and his aim is to demonstrate the destructive influence of a certain kind of Protestant spirituality. The 'narrow gate' does not lead to a fuller life, but to disillusionment and death. Jérôme's faith crumbles and the spiritual-emotional see-saw kills Alissa. At the end of the book the Protestant cell has disintegrated and Jérôme is left, an unwilling 'prodigal,' contemplating the ruins.

★

IN *L'Immoraliste*, written seven years earlier, the disintegration of the cell begins before the opening of the story. Michel, who speaks of the impact of his early Protestant upbringing in the same terms as Jérôme, has begun to forget the teaching of his dead mother and

---

MARTIN TURNELL is an English critic who contributes to The Month, Partisan Review and other magazines. His new book, The Novel in France, will soon be published by New Directions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his education is continued by his father, a distinguished archaeologist and an unbeliever, whom he helps with his work. In order to please the dying father, he makes a *mariage de raison* with the Catholic Marceline. He is struck down on his honeymoon by tuberculosis — presumably a symbol of the accumulated sickness of youth— but recovers through the care of his wife and his life becomes a search for what Gide calls 'the authentic being,' 'the old man for whom the gospels had no use.' He comes under the influence of the sinister figure of Ménalque who persuades him to neglect his wife when she contracts the disease from which she has saved him. Once again the book ends with death and disillusionment. Marceline dies and Michel, too, finds himself an outcast gazing at the ruins.

In *La Symphonie pastorale,* which though begun many years earlier was not published until 1919, the snow-bound parsonage is an even more potent evocation of the Protestant cell, and the sense of physical and psychological constriction becomes almost painful. The clergyman rescues the blind orphan, Gertrude, and takes her to live with his family. This creates a variation in the usual pattern. Instead of the prodigal, we have the innocent 'intruder' who unwittingly causes the collapse of the Protestant home. Without realizing what is happening to him, the clergyman falls in love with his protégée. An operation restores her sight. She 'sees' that they have taken the wrong turning and that the person whom she really loves is the clergyman's son. The anti-religious bias is even stronger than in the earlier books. Gide is remorseless in his exposure of a smugness which the clergyman takes for liberalism and determines to punish him as heavily as possible. The son and the protégée are converted in record time to Catholicism. Then, with a strange disregard for verisimilitude, Gertrude drowns herself. The clergyman is left praying with his brokenhearted wife.

★

GIDE often protested against autobiographical interpretations of his fiction. It is difficult not to feel that this was a defense mechanism. We can scarcely fail to notice traits which are common to the three books. Gide and his cousin Emmanuèle bear an obvious resemblance to Jérôme and his cousin Alissa, to Michel and Marceline and to the middle-aged clergyman and his wife. In each of them the innocent, pious woman is the victim of the weakness or depravity of the man who kills the thing he loves. Jérôme is weak; Michel is the abnormal husband who is responsible for the death of the normal wife; and the culpable blindness of the clergyman brings disaster to his home. The conclusion is inescapable. These are not pure works of art. They are projections of a personal predicament and provide imaginary solutions of an actual problem.

The *Faux-monnayeurs,* described in the dedication as "my first novel," is a much longer and more elaborate work than the three *récits.* It is an account of a middle-aged novelist who starts to write a novel about a coining scandal only to find that the events he is describing are taking place in the real world. The book is shot through and through by Gide's personal symbolism. There is the contrast between 'the authentic being' and the 'counterfeit' which we have already met in *L'Immoraliste* and the circulation of the coins by the schoolboys is evidently a reference to the counterfeit values which they inherit from their elders. Bernard is the 'prodigal' who discovers his mother's lapse and his own illegitimacy, leaves the 'fold' but returns there at the close of the novel. And there is an even heavier onslaught on the Protestant community than in any of the earlier books. The *Faux-monnayeurs,* unlike the *récits,* is extremely easy to read and the pages in which Gide through Edouard expresses his views on the novel are fascinating. But in spite of the praise it has received, it is impossible to feel that the book is an artistic success. It does not possess the shapeliness of the short works and we have the feeling that on this larger canvas Gide's best qualities have become diluted with the result that it remains an extremely interesting experiment which failed.

★

NONE of Gide's other fiction is of the calibre of the four books that I have discussed and only calls for brief mention here. *Les Caves du Vatican* has been described as 'a great comic novel,' but though this strikes me as an exaggeration it possesses undeniable merits. The account of the miraculous cure and conversion of the Freemason and his subsequent relapse is certainly funny. Gide classified the book as a *sotie* and Amédée's journey to Rome undoubtedly belongs to this category. It is a parody of the Christian knight involved in a fantastic swindle. Its weakness is the strain of perversity and cruelty which runs all through it. The *acte gratuit,* which puts an end to the wretched Amédée's life, was a theory which could scarcely fail to arouse the keenest interest in a country devoted to abstract discussion; but to the rest of us it appears decidedly tiresome and the sentimentalized figure of its perpetrator is a constant embarrassment. Isabelle is a romantic, as distinct from a religious, parody. It is an unsuccessful attempt to exteriorize the search for 'the authentic being' which ends with the ironic discovery that the real Isabelle — the romantic murderess — is a dreary, uninteresting middle-class Frenchwoman. It is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generally agreed that the trilogy *L'Ecole des femmes*: *Robert*: *Geneviève* is a failure, that it is no more than an exercise by a highly accomplished craftsman. This seems to me to be true of *Thésée* which, presumably on account of the author's advanced age at the time of publication, was fortunate in its reception by the public. It is not, as admirers claimed, a work of ripe wisdom and the crown of Gide's work. It is an expert piece of window-dressing on the part of a veteran writer trying to give himself a final 'boost.'

★

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE not to be impressed by the extreme accomplishment of Gide's best work and by the elegance of his prose style, but in the last analysis it remains somehow unsatisfying. We are never aware, as we are with the really great writer, of the pressure of urgent experience demanding expression. I think that the explanation lies in the narrowness of his experience of which I have already spoken. There was, perhaps, material for one great book, but instead of putting the whole of himself into a masterpiece Gide resorted to every kind of artifice to make his material go as far as possible. For if he had really sought a solution of his personal problems, if he had once come to terms with religion, his subject-matter would have vanished and his career as an imaginative writer would have come to an end. It must always be remembered that France is a country in which literature is a *métier* and in which men are taught to write. This enables a hardworking man of letters who has no real creative ability to turn out a score of books which look very like genuine works of art. It would be unjust to suggest that Gide's best works are no more than samples of the man-of-letters novel, but it remains true that there is far more of the man of letters in him than the artist. That is why he seems to me to have missed the greatness that might have been his.

An Appeal

A NEW YORK reader makes a plea "on behalf of fifteen million Indians who face starvation within the next three months. The situation is not entirely innocent of political maneuvering, but 'feed the hungry' has no qualifying clauses."

This is what people can do: food packages may be sent for $10 each via CARE (20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.), and they should be addressed to Minister, Department of Food, Madras, India. If people prefer to send packages themselves they should concentrate on rice, sugar and wholewheat flour. Packages should be marked: "Free Food Gift Parcel—Famine Relief" and should not weigh more than 22 pounds. Two copies of customs form 2966 (obtainable at any Post Office) must be attached to each package.

FROM YUGOSLAVIA

Tito's 'Ministry of Love'

BELGRADE.

IN THE very center of Belgrade, in a quiet quarter with hardly any traffic at all, there is a modern seven-story-building with an armed guard at the entrance. In front of the building there is a makeshift garage with jeeps, trucks and American-built cars. There is nothing to make the building look different from several other buildings of the same type in drab-looking Belgrade, and only a few hundred yards away is the Majestic Hotel, where many of the foreigners and the diplomats used to meet in a quite nice and occidental surrounding.

Most of the newly-arrived guests of the hotel would, without doubt, be shocked to learn that the plain, modern, seven-floor building is the Belgrade HQ of the UDBA, the Yugoslav secret police, dreaded above all else and a faithful copy of the Russian NKVD, or MVD, as it is called nowadays. The meaning of the above abbreviation UDBA is as commonplace and bureaucratic as the building itself. It stands for : Security Department of the State. And for anybody who has read George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four*, it is Communist Yugoslavia's "Ministry of Love." Everybody who enters it knows that either he will never more be a free man, or, if he comes out again after a year or a couple of years, he will be morally or physically a wreck.

★

IF ONE returns to the Majestic about three or four in the morning after a late party, as many foreigners do, and if he passes near the Ministry of Love, which very few foreigners ever do, he will be struck by the fact that many of its windows are brightly lit up, since much of the work is done at night. Within its walls those representatives of the old bourgeois ruling class who did not escape or unconditionally surrender have been broken so efficiently that now they are no longer feared in Yugoslavia. Presently the customers of the Ministry of Love are Communists who have remained faithful to Moscow, the Cominformists. Never before has the Ministry worked so hard and never before have its customers been so tough, for now it has to deal directly with its former teacher, the Russian NKVD.

If one keeps on watching the Ministry of Love, he will, later in the morning, see the following. Shortly after seven, one woman after another will appear at the entrance, show the armed guard a pass and enter the doorway. Each of these women, young or old, has a strange, expressionless face and she usually is carrying a package. These women are the mothers, sisters and wives of the prisoners and are entitled to bring them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

food. After a while they return, most of them without the packages, but some of them still clutch these poor gifts and silently weep. This is when they have been told that their loved one doesn't need food any more. Maybe he has been transferred to another place or maybe he is no longer alive. Nobody knows. Nobody tells. The Ministry of Love is surrounded by a wall of silence. Maybe later on she will receive a specially printed postcard without any indication from where it came and with a few stereotyped lines to the effect that he is still alive and that letters once a month can be sent to him.

Among these women there are no members of the Communist Party. For if the husband of a woman member of the party is arrested as a Cominformist, she has to divorce him at once and consider him a dead man.

★

THIS is UDBA. It is a State within the State. It controls the ordinary police—the so-called people's militia—it controls Tito's huge bodyguard, it controls the telephone, the mail, the Army. Its rank and file are like bloodhounds and its leaders are a selected team of ruthless, very intelligent and incredibly hard-working fanatics, to be compared only with their opposite numbers in the USSR where this team was scientifically trained until 1948.

But does no one who has once disappeared behind its doors ever really return? Many return to freedom, but this applies only to "the small fry" and they return marked for life by what they have been through. They are never subjected to the higher degrees of "treatment," because they don't need it, but still the shock is such that most of them will give as an answer to any question about it, even from the closest members of their family: please, don't ask me! The tough ones, who get the full treatment, have never talked so far, for the good reason that they are not released.

If Tito's regime in Yugoslavia is protected by such an organization against its deadly Cominformist enemies, it should have nothing to fear. But there are Cominformists even inside the UDBA. Several of them have been caught. During their training period in the USSR they pledged themselves to continue direct collaboration with the Russian NKVD. There are Cominformists in the police, in the Army, everywhere. Cominformists have been found in Tito's own bodyguard, among the faithful of the faithful.

★

THUS the situation created inside a closed circle of people like the Yugoslav Communist Party has become almost unique in history and is deeply tragic from the human point of view. Who is Cominformist, who is not? Nobody knows for sure. Maybe many do not even really know themselves just now.

To be a member of the party is at one and the same time to have power and to live in permanent danger. For many this moral pressure, which people living in the West cannot even imagine, has become intolerable. The greater the pressure, the more perfectly normal everything has to appear. A Serbian minister, who was a Cominformist, recently betrayed himself, on purpose and in public, with the words: I can't stand it any more!

It is obvious that the purge against the Cominformists which has lasted now nearly three years has had results and has deeply modified the Communist Party of Yugoslavia. At the time of the break with the Cominform, the party had nearly 200,000 members. It was exclusive, as all Communist parties in power are, and it was a great honor to be invited to become a member after a long period of trial. Now the Party has roughly 700,000 members and the new half million members have been chosen on the basis of the guarantees they have offered to be faithful to Tito. There is no doubt that most of them stick to him, since the Russians would not recognize them as Communists. Their quality, though, is clearly inferior to the "veterans," who look down upon them and who still represent the class which rules everything in the country. The best proof of the poor quality of the newcomers is that now it has become increasingly difficult to recruit new members for the Party, in spite of the material advantages which membership offers. People are afraid to be members and even afraid to refuse.

But how is it possible, then, that there are still Cominformists within the party, that they continue to be arrested or to escape to the neighboring Communist countries or to Moscow, to join the exile government which has been set up there? How is it possible that the Cominform can be attractive?

★

THE explanation is simple enough. The "veterans" within the party know very well that if there should be free elections in the country, for example under Allied supervision, they would be swept away in twenty-four hours, so strong is the feeling now among the subdued, suffering masses against everything which is Communist. Savage reprisals are not to be excluded. These veterans know that they have no future with the Allies, exactly as the fish has no future on the shore. They know, too, that not even Tito has a future with the Allies in the long run, but that he and his Politbureau—Kardelj, Pijade, Djilas, Rankovic and the other big shots of the Party—have no choice. They have been condemned to death by Moscow and that is the difference between them and the veterans through whom they rule the country. And that is the weak point on which the propaganda broadcasts from the neighboring Communist countries dwell from morning to night. Get rid of Tito and his clique, they keep on saying, and you, the old Party members, will have saved Communist Yugoslavia! Otherwise you will be the first victims of American imperialism!

It is no wonder, then, that a quite new proverb has come into being in Yugoslavia among the common people, who are aware of the disasters all this might bring on the country. It runs: May God protect us from Russian occupation, American air raids and membership in the Communist Party! GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Main Street, Mississippi

By JOHN HAY

IT WAS strange to come out of Texas, where everything is size, where the future has all the room in the world to get started in, and to arrive in old Mississippi the next day. You come to a closed-in land. You begin to hear voices that belong back, not forward. They resist you. They have accents of love, familiarity, violence, which are theirs and no one else's; undertones which can't be translated. There is a kind of local musing in their speech. They had had time for it. I heard a couple of dried up white men in a waiting room talking pleasurably about a gruesome automobile wreck, where brains were splattered all over and severed heads were lying on the road. One of them gave a dry, nasty, little laugh: "He, he." Then he looked grave and said: "There's some freak wrecks in this ole world, boy."

The very first people we talked to had a courteous but oblique way of answering questions, as though it would take them too long to communicate what it would probably take us too long to find out. This was not a land to crack open on a single visit.

★

VERY likely there were changes going on the spirit of which I did not grasp. What was obvious to me, with my memory of the South, was the great change that I could see. High, white grain elevators, meat packing plants, and soy bean oil mills, had suddenly shown up across from the naked grey shacks of the Negroes that lined the roads dividing the cotton fields. I saw an air field operated by a big-scale cotton farm, which used its planes to defoliate the mature crop and to spread poison from the air in the battle against insects. I saw fields, green in the late fall, planted to cover crops.

The towns were not the same. They had lost some of their grey, classic look; had shaken off some dust and mould for the sake of Americanization. Neat International Harvester showrooms had come in, as well as cafes and filling stations, and drug stores, loaded with all the magazines of the nation. They had elbowed their way in, between the old, two story brick dry goods store, the plain, musty real estate office and the cotton broker's office. In Natchez, so I heard, a big new viscose plant was going up, to be a neighbor to those proud antebellum houses for which the city has been chiefly known. The white columns, the gardens with their rich and lazy grace, the live oaks, and the Spanish moss, were getting some material competition.

New money had come in, with the shapes of a new uniformity. I began to wonder whether Mississippi after all was not bound to be swept into the future along with the rest of America. The old plantation country, Uncle Remus's land, where the "Good Lawd" had presided over the troubles of his chillun, was being replaced by something else.

Cotton planting is big business now. The mule is being turned into glue and horse meat, and the tractor is taking over. Of course the cotton was still there, everywhere, unchanged—mile after mile of the brown plants, the white blobs hanging between the harsh dead stems and leaves. They stood up like rattling skeletons, with all their proud, humiliating, frustrated history behind them, holding on to the earth rapaciously. Part of the same history were the families of Negro cotton pickers moving ahead through the rows, men, women and children, all with their two hands plucking patiently at the cotton, and the white sacks trailing behind them. One of the pickers, dragging her long sack, clothed in a scarecrow skirt of many colors, and a blue blouse and pink bandana, looked like some illustration of a gay centipede.

But, as I was told, many of these same pickers were taking a long chance and moving to the towns or migrating from the state altogether. Later on I was to see some of them or their relatives way out in California. The cities as well as the rural areas now bear the responsibility for the low-income Negro. Perhaps one or two out of four of the grey, unpainted shacks are empty now. Their thin walls, with newspapers hanging off them like scales, are left open to the sun and their sagging porches sag a little more and creak in the wind. Out in the field there are new pickers, high, ponderous machines that lumber down the rows.

★

OUTWARDLY the new is going to conquer the old, and in so far as the people of Mississippi are 1951 Americans, as well as part of the old South, they are bargaining for it.

They want to have the same economic status as the rest of the country. They want to have their children grow up to be successful in business, to do as other Americans do. Who in the South, or in any part of the country, for that matter, would refuse to accept what is happening, would refuse to desire or demand it? One buys a 1951 Ford because it is not a 1950 Ford; and it is to be hoped that improvements have been made on it. It is not the future we value so highly as our running toward it. So there is a part of old Mississippi which is beginning to see itself as new Mississippi.

Outwardly, I said; but there is a ghost in the South which lingers inside of men and affects their behavior and alters their words.

There are other parts of the United States where an outsider does not recognize himself as such, and

---

JOHN HAY is a poet and critic who lives on Cape Cod. He recently completed an extensive trip through the South and Southwest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though he may have come half way across the country he will be greeted as a man who has only walked from one block on Main Street to the other. Everyone in the new town belongs to his town, speaks the same language, is thinking about buying a television set at the same time as he is, and in the meantime is listening to the same radio programs. But when he is strange to the South he finds himself a stranger. He has run across a mystery. They show him all the traditional southern courtesy and more, with its "My pleasure," in answer to thanks, and "Hurry back," "Come back and see us," "Fine meeting you people" and so on, but behind it he senses something unexpressed which cannot be shared with him.

They are holding back something; they are sharing a secret among themselves. Like some of William Faulkner's characters, the important thing to them is that the fact of their existence be accepted and not disturbed by accusers who do not know them. It would be "to respect anybody's love for the land where he and his people were born and to understand that a man would have to act as the land where he was born had trained him to act." They tell you to leave them with their identity, to leave them be and not to try too hard to understand.

The ghost is there inside, waiting to be heard. Sometimes you feel as though a man while talking had stopped inwardly for a second or two, trying to go back into a collective past, as though he had stopped breathing to listen for reassurance.

★

IN the deepest sense they are saying that no other Americans have any right to assume their conscience, nor any reason to adopt their suffering. Someday there may be a man, an industrialist for example, with all the general characteristics of the tribe, who will be from the South but not a southerner . . . a man who is out of Ford, by International Harvester. But that should take quite a while. So long as the South has more secrets than the rest of the country, it will go on defending itself, often in very devious ways.

The present day agriculturalist in Mississippi may have taken up the latest farming practices but inside of him there is still the cottoned past. I talked to one of the new businessmen cotton planters, who had a local reputation for enlightenment, and he said to me: "Ole John Rankin is just about as smart as they got up there in Washington. He can outmaneuver every one of them." So saying, he was defending the ways of the South, old or new, rather than the ways of John Rankin.

We were also talking about Hodding Carter, the energetic editor of the *Delta Democrat Times* in Greenville, an articulate spokesman for the changing South. He said: "I was worried about Hodding a while back, but he is doing a lot better." I gathered that writing a novel which was concerned about lynching was wherein Mr. Carter had erred. But though the gentleman was offended by the novel, he was not thereby in favor of lynching.

IT is a pattern that they stand up for. The Negro, for example, is still "irresponsible" and "shiftless" to his white employer. If he has a chance to make money he is "too lazy" to do it. When he slips out from under and goes to a city or out of the state he is only headed for more trouble. He doesn't know what is good for him. "At least he used to have his own cabin and could raise his own turnips."

As my friend was taking pictures of cotton picking machines, the young cotton farmer who was showing us around shouted up to a Negro driver: "Gonna put you in the movies, Rufus! Show it next week down at the theater."

"Down h'yere, in town?" asked the driver.

"Yeah, next Saturday."

Of course the Negro found out pretty soon that he was not going to be in pictures. Perhaps he could guess already that a Speed Graphic was not a moving picture camera, but he took his role of permanent childhood with seeming resignation.

It is also true that he was not the man he had been only a few years before. He had taken on a new role. Sitting up on top of that red monster of a machine he was no longer a picker but a driver. He had become part of a material progress which was not only southern but national, and like others who had climbed into a driver's seat he had just become entitled to a minimum wage of seventy-five cents an hour.

But to the Mississippian the relation between the two races is still a matter of the way they have lived together. It will not be changed overnight by economics. Underground the roots are deep and twisted.

Communications

The Pope and Peace Negotiations

Mundelein, Ill.

TO THE Editors: In answer to Father Cantwell's letter in the April 27 issue: The Lateran Treaty admirably states the papal position on international peace conferences in these words: "With regard to the sovereignty pertaining to it in the field of international relations, the Holy See declares that it wishes to remain, and will remain, extraneous to all temporal disputes between nations, and to international congresses convoked for the settlement of such disputes, unless the contending parties make a joint appeal to its mission of peace; nevertheless, it reserves the right in every case to exercise its moral and spiritual power." To the letter and the spirit of this declaration Pius XII has ever remained faithful. Hence he has uttered no public word of regret that he was not invited to the peace negotiations.

This is not the same as to say that he would not have welcomed an invitation to the San Francisco Conference and that he would not have sent a Vatican prelate to represent him if he had been invited. It was the San Francisco Conference that I had in mind when speaking of peace negotiations. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What are the reasons for thinking that Pius XII would have appreciated an invitation to the San Francisco Conference? First, the purpose of this assembly was the establishment of an international organization for securing the peace—a project which not only merited Catholic approval but had been the subject of numerous papal pronouncements. The international organization was not exclusively a political project but had deep religious and moral implications. Its strictly political aspects did not concern the Pope; but when such issues as education and human rights were being discussed, the Catholic Church had a definite program to propose which could not be left entirely to individual Catholic statesmen.

Secondly, Pius XII sent a delegate, Msgr. Giobbe, to the Congress of Europe held at The Hague, May 7-10, 1948. The unification of Europe appears to be much more political in its nature than the foundation of an international organization. . . .

It is true that the Holy See is not interested in voting on questions like boundaries and tariffs but it wishes to have the opportunity to explain Catholic views on political issues involving moral principles and to promote these ideas among world statesmen. Who will deny that many such problems are discussed at an international peace conference? Take as an example the situation in Palestine. Pius XII has written two encyclical letters on the Holy Land and has frequently spoken on this subject. If there were an accredited Vatican consultant at the United Nations, how much easier it would be to clarify the Catholic stand to all the parties concerned. We might as well be frank enough to admit that all too often Catholic statesmen are more influenced by national interests than by Catholic principles when they argue political issues which have moral implications.

FATHER CANTWELL writes that from what he has read in recent papal pronouncements he would judge "that the Pope is the last man in Christendom who would want the Pope to be at the peace negotiations." If peace negotiations are understood in the sense already explained, Father Cantwell will experience considerable difficulty substantiating his statement from recent papal pronouncements. Furthermore, as recently as last Christmas Pius XII, after lamenting the cold war between the East and the West, added: "You must recognize that if in this world, torn by conflicting interests, there is still left any secure haven where the dove of peace can tranquilly come to rest, it is here in this place hallowed by the blood of the apostles and of the martyrs, here again where the Vicar of Christ knows no duty more sacred, no mission more gratifying than that of being the unwearied advocate of peace." Some commentators saw in these words an offer by the Pope to mediate the cold war. There is little chance of his offer being accepted; but if it were, I am confident that the Pope's recognized diplomatic talents would be equal to the delicate task. Nor have I any fears that he would be placed in a compromising position.

(*Very Reverend Msgr.*) HARRY C. KOENIG.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET

The Story of Your Wedding

in portraits and candids

by the Altman-Pach studio

Complete your wedding preparations by arranging now for photographs . . . lovely portraits to give your future husband and your families . . . and delightful candids of the wedding and reception. We shall provide, without additional charge, six glossy prints of a portrait for newspaper announcements . . . and, with orders of 20 or more candids, a personalized leather album.

• PORTRAITS:

8x10 in.	3 for 25.00
9x12 in.	3 for 40.00
11x14 in.	3 for 50.00

• CANDIDS: 8x10 in. each 3.00

Dozens of candids will be taken . . . order as many as you like.

Come in, write, or phone MUrray Hill 9-7000, ext. 667 for appointments.

Altman-Pach studio, fifth floor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Republicans' Impeachment Threat

IF THE Republican Party had any valid claim to respect in our country, it has just surrendered it. I find this less a matter for rejoicing than a matter of regret. For there are many things in the Truman Administration which only the unreclaimed could approve. If, for example, General Vaughan were to be retired he would hardly be missed. A certain freedom from moral care in the R.F.C. might have excited Mr. Truman's interest. Something less than absolute faith in Mr. Charles E. Wilson would have been helpful. Less sheer and visceral impulse, more care about, indeed anticipation of the consequences of actions would be desirable. The growing self-identification by our President with earlier great men would come with more grace and persuasiveness if such obviously remedial defects were seriously dealt with. Left alone, it is right that the Republicans criticize them.

But a major and opposition party has obligations to the electorate, whose approval it seeks in near frenzy, which the Republican Party seems unwilling to acknowledge or assume. In part these are moral obligations. A respect for truth, a tender regard for the fundamental decencies of political life, a few things held to abidingly, recognition of the difference between means and ends, these, and not so plain a preoccupation with power, the Republican Party owes itself and us.

That it made the retirement of General MacArthur a grave, word-blown issue is a more serious criticism of the party than one would like to admit. For two questions, alone, are involved in the MacArthur case. The first is the constitutional power of the President of the United States. The second is his obligation to the country. All else is beside the point, is as the sound of brass on a tinkling cymbal.

★

IT MAY NOT be amiss to set down here that it was the wise and insistent wish of the men who made our Constitution that the Commander in Chief of our armed services be a civilian. To ensure this, they put it beyond the reach of Congress or majorities: they wrote it into the Constitution. "The President shall be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States." Thus his power is as clear as men could make it and ought, surely by now, to be beyond dispute.

Indeed with enormous and even childishly rhetorical waste of time our Senate disputed recently the power of Mr. Truman to send troops to Europe. The Republicans were attacking Mr. Truman, a Democrat, and allegedly saving us from his dictatorship. But the attack was addressed, also, to the Pentagon — and by this the Republicans were supposed to be rescuing us from the military. Secretary Marshall complained that Congress was making "a direct gamble with national security." It is important to note that it was the essence of Mr. Marshall's grievance that "the armed forces have never been throttled with a mandatory ceiling in the midst of a period of great emergency." Take, in that dispute, whatever side you wish, the issue and the argument between Congress and Secretary George Marshall are clear: the Congress alleged it was on the side of civilian virtue.

Given that so-called "Great Debate," and given the Constitution of our country, it is patent that the power of Mr. Truman to remove General MacArthur is as clear as that I shall die. To dispute the one is as foolish as to debate the other.

★

I HAVE said that the second thing in issue is the obligation of the President—any President—to the country. The President has both the power and the responsibility of running a war. To do this, to perform his functions as Commander in Chief he needs military advice. For it is clear that he is not chosen by us because he is a military expert. Indeed he is chosen because he is not. We did not elect Washington or Jackson or Grant because they had been military leaders, but because they had ceased to be. As early as 1903 we found it necessary to create a General Staff. It was the function of the head of this General Staff to advise the President about military affairs. After World War II Congress created a National Military Establishment to operate under the direction of a civilian Secretary of Defense. That man is George Marshall.

It is clear, then, that General MacArthur not only had ideas about the conduct of the war in Korea, but that he expressed them in various ways to the press, and finally to Congressman Joseph Martin. It is clear that the MacArthur views were opposed to those of Mr. Truman, Mr. Marshall and General Bradley. A General and a former General, the latter regarded by the President as "our greatest living American," agreed with the President; all three disagreed with General MacArthur. That is—and was—the essence of the case. No responsible person denies this.

Whether or not General MacArthur is right, will eventually be proved to be right, has, like W. S. Gilbert's "Flowers that bloom in the spring," nothing to do with the case. Right is not involved here. All that is involved is the power of the President, and his responsibility for the conduct of our forces in the Korean engagement. Given that, it is obvious that the expression of his views by General MacArthur constituted insubordination. About a soldier's ideas he must be silent—or resign.

An army, for the soldier or for the General, (as Generals are quick to prove to soldiers) is not a debating society. It is not a Congress, a Parliament, an institution

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where democracy is practiced. It is not, and, in the nature of things, cannot be. It is a fixed and rigid institution in which there are hierarchies, chains of command and of obedience—absolute command, and absolute obedience. We would not, we could not, have it any other way. Even Senator Taft, or Senator McCarthy, or Kem or Wherry or Joe Martin would not have it any other way.

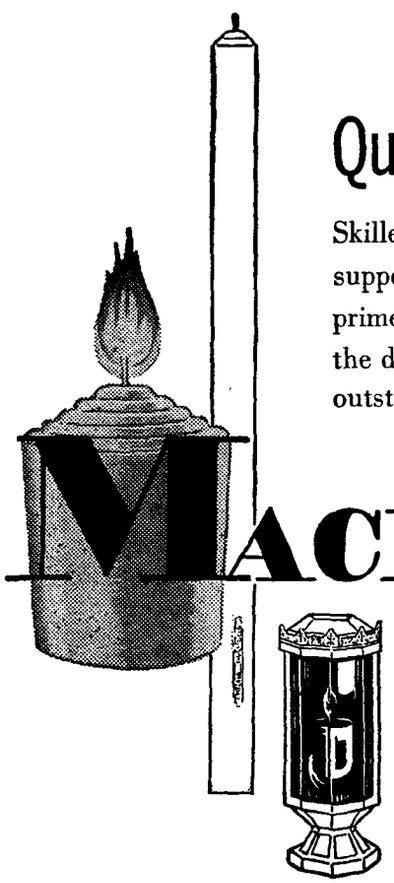
Into our armed services we put no political commissars. There is only obedience to command. To that obedience, terrible if you will, absolute nonetheless, General MacArthur, too, was subject. All of his life he knew that; all of his training told him so. From him his young son—seeing now his native country for the first time—must have learned that. That young boy can hardly, the inheritor of all his father's greatness, the single continuer of the unbroken military line, have been subject to the ordinary paternal discipline. One guesses that he is not unconscious of the military character of his own household. At any rate the General could not —ex-Superintendent of West Point as he was—have been unaware that, as General Eisenhower put it, "when you put on a uniform you put on certain inhibitions."

★

FOR the chiefs of the Republican Party, then, to cry for impeachment, for them so wholly to espouse General MacArthur was, surely, to invite and merit our disrespect of them. For them to say that Mr. Truman was guilty of appeasement of Communists is surely not to tell the truth. For Senator Jenner to say that: "Our only choice is to impeach President Truman and find out who is the secret invisible government which has so cleverly led our country down the road to destruction" is, certainly, to be as absurd as it is malign. For Senator McCarthy to say that General MacArthur is "the greatest soldier in the history of the world" is not only beside the point; it is merely to reveal his ignorance. For him to say that the dismissal "shows the midnight power of Bourbon and Benedictine" is to say what we have come to expect from him. For him to say that the retirement is "a victory for Communism" men cannot take seriously.

When the most respected of the lot, Senator Taft, says that it is "tragic and ridiculous" not to send the huge army on Formosa to invade China and "take the pressure off our boys fighting in Korea," he does two things. First he reveals, as he often does, that he literally does not know what he is talking about. It is not even clear that Chiang and his army can hold Formosa let alone invade China. It seems clear that Chiang does not want to relieve our boys, but to put us into war with China. If Senator Taft does not know that he is irresponsible. If he does know that he is irresponsible.

Moreover, General MacArthur did not want any relief of pressure on our boys. He wanted, if I understand him—a thing the Republicans do not seem to do—what Chiang wants. He wants, in his own words, "to



Quality and service

Skilled craftsmanship and trained representatives... supported by modern manufacturing methods, prime materials, and careful management ... insure the delivery of quality and service at outstanding values.

MACK-MILLER

ecclesiastical candles

MACK-MILLER
CANDLE CO., INC., Syracuse 1, N. Y.
New York • Chicago • Boston • New Orleans • Los Angeles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

follow the conventional pattern of meeting force with maximum counter-force." The fact is, as I started out to say, that the Republicans do us no credit, give us no idea which is clear or meaningful. They merely reveal themselves as a pretty shoddy outfit.

For they do not like what they have, and they do not want a world war. Caught in the vise of their own making they run from both parts of Senator Cain's resolution—they are unwilling to withdraw from Korea; they are unwilling to declare war on Communist China. They have set a trap for themselves; they cry when they are caught in it, and they bite their tails.

It has—one is never sure about them—been borne in on them that if they support the MacArthur who wrote to Congressman Martin, they cannot, really, attack the President on Constitutional grounds. They cannot impeach Mr. Truman even if they meant it when they said it. They have no case against Mr. Truman that they can make stand up. They cannot convince any sane mind that Mr. Truman appeases Communism. They have no more ideas about Korea than he has. But he wants to limit the war in Korea.

When they attack him for that the serene and illuminating Mr. Walter Lippmann shows them up, and reveals both their poverty and their nakedness. He writes: "The argument about Chiang is an argument about whether to enlarge the Korean War into a general war. Those who believe in a general war with China know perfectly well that if Chiang's army were able to invade China it would be only because there was an American army in front of it."

There is nothing else to be said. They have digged themselves their own pit. FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Stage

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

GEORGE ABBOTT and Betty Smith have done a remarkably good job of transplanting the somewhat moody and sometimes grim materials of Miss Smith's novel to the musical comedy stage without robbing the musical stage of its traditional lightness and gaiety. This was not an easy task: the novel told an essentially unhappy story—that of the luckless marriage of Johnny and Katie Nolan—and it told it against a background which was at once drab and confining. To sustain the meaning of this environment while projecting it in the expansive and colorful terms of musical comedy called for a delicate balance: the materials had to be romanticized without being falsified, the mood had to be made reasonably cheerful without becoming downright foolish. The success with which the authors have preserved a certain honesty of character and environment is indicated by an incident which takes place about eleven o'clock: we have had a great deal of farcical fun all evening, but when little Francie Nolan graduates from grammar school and the members of her family take pride in the fact that she is the first among them ever to earn a diploma, the moment is entirely plausible and quite moving. The episode remains real, for all the necessary stylization and musical show device which precedes and surrounds it.

For the most part the authors have lightened the show and given it a substantial comic flavor by a slight shift of focus from the novel: the role of the much-unmarried Aunt Cissy has been built up and turned over to Shirley Booth. Miss Booth is not only perfect in the part, but, as a performer, the perfect solution to the problem of serio-comic balance. Because she is at least as much of an actress as she is a comedienne, Miss Booth is able to invest the role with a core of reality which prevents it from breaking down into cheap farce and throwing the sustained tone of the show out of kilter. Her talents are such that she is able to keep the show in form at the same time that she is making it hilarious, and I don't see how any musical could fail which contained a scene as funny as Miss Booth's first-act simulation of childbirth. Here is a somewhat different test of the production's ability to maintain some integrity in the face of extravagance: whatever vulgarity and uncomfortable realism is inherent in the situation is completly overcome by the warmth and honesty of the actress' work, and the scene emerges uncontrived, endearing, and howlingly funny.

The Abbott-Smith book is not perfect. There are a few narrative lags in the first act, and the character of Johnny Nolan—well played by Johnny Johnston—is one-sidedly developed. We see him almost always in terms of his weakness, rarely in terms of his charm, and a scene on the town with the boys—in which the gaiety which destroys him is dramatized—might have helped a lot. But the occasional defects of the evening are more than made up for by its many values: Arthur Schwartz's openly melodic and very attractive score; Nathaniel Frey's exceptionally engaging performance as Aunt Cissy's Harry; Jo Mielziner's helpful front-curtains; and George Abbott's fluid and very understanding stage direction. (*At the Alvin*)

MAKE A WISH

THIS Preston Sturges musical version of Molnar's "The Good Fairy"—apparently somewhat revised in Philadelphia by Abe Burrows — is passable entertainment. It isn't top-flight musical theatre, and it isn't intolerable. Its format is somewhat old-fashioned by now, though this is in part due to the play and the period from which it was drawn: the story deals with a naive orphan who is let loose on the Left Bank, and who winds up persuading most of Paris to do her bidding. The Parisian materials—especially as musicalized—are bound to be familiar, and they are; they are also developed rather mechanically and do not seem to have taken on much of Mr. Sturges' characteristically zany coloring. In addition to this last disappointment, some of the other creative contributions are decidedly hit-or-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

miss: Hugh Martin has provided some lively songs—"Who Gives a Sou?" is among the better ones—and some which are noticeably derivative (Frank Loesser's 'horseless carriages' theme from "Where's Charley?" is apparently going to be the most widely imitated musical strain of our generation); Gower Champion has done one first-rate ballet in his dance approximation of a bargain sale in a department store, but has failed to make anything out of the more obvious opportunities of a Parisian masked ball; even Raoul Pene du Bois has come up with uneven settings, many of which are handsome indeed but at least one of which—a drab brown against a drab grey—is altogether inexplicable. On the whole, the production seems to have needed a firmer guiding hand than that of director John C. Wilson. On the credit side are attractive leading performances by Nanette Fabray and Melville Cooper, very pleasant secondary ones by Helen Gallagher and Harold Lang, and some effective ballet music by Richard Pribor. "Make a Wish" is not going to bowl you over; but it should do nicely enough for an idle summer evening. (*At the Winter Garden*)

ANGELS KISS ME

"ANGELS Kiss Me" was a play by Scott Michel, produced by Trudi Michel, which, having run out of Michels, closed after its second performance. It wasn't quite as bad as it seemed—or perhaps it didn't seem quite as bad as it was—but, however we are going to put it, it had an air of almost-talent, and of almost-interest about it. Its story concerned a self-made man of humble origins, with an absolute faith in his own luck, who wanted to better himself through a social marriage and provide himself with a distinguished heir, and who thereupon gambled on as unlikely a bride as I have ever come across. The girl was clearly crocked from the outset, and how the author expected us to believe that it would take his intelligent young hero all of two acts to notice his wife's battier tendencies, I cannot imagine. The author was, perhaps, unfortunate in the casting of the girl; the best that can be said for Maryanna Garé's performance in the part is that she was better when she was depressive than when she was manic. At any rate, when leading man Alan Manson was reading the lines, they sounded more or less reasonable—Allan Stevenson and Calvin Thomas were pretty good, too—but when Miss Garé, or for that matter any of the other women in the piece, were at it, you couldn't believe that even a Michel would love it. As one of the daily reviewers pointed out, the piece had the merits of an interesting outline for a play; but it had no flesh on it, and the author has not yet developed a critical sense to tell him when he is writing accurately and when he is writing preposterously. The stage direction was awful; even the more acceptable performers moved about with such restless and gingerly anxiety as to suggest that a brush fire in the basement had overheated the stage floor. (*Closed at the National*)

WALTER KERR.

Recent Herder Books

IMMORTAL FIRE

A Journey Through the Centuries With the Missionary Great

By Sister Mary Just, O.P.

"An excellent account of Catholic missionary activity throughout the world in the course of nineteen hundred years. The book provides not only biographies of the outstanding missioners throughout the centuries, but also the proper historical background of the nation or the period being discussed. . . . Highly recommended for the reference library."—A *Library Journal* Review. 605 pp., illustrated, $7.50

OUR HAPPY LOT

Our Vocation in the Light of the Gospels and Epistles

By Aurelio Espinosa Polit, S.J.

Translated by William J. Young, S.J.

"With the eyes of faith, through the revealed word of God, the author neatly shows God's preference, Christ's plan, and a man's part in an apostolic vocation. . . . Brief summaries in the back of the book, arranged in the form of points for meditation, make it handy for a quick, solid grasp of important thoughts. . . . The most striking touch of all is the author's beautiful and clear adaptation, in chapter eight, of the parable of the 'vine and the branches' to the apostolic life."—*Catholic Review Service.*

258 pp., $3.50

ART AND BEAUTY

By Maurice de Wulf

Translated by Sister Mary Gonzaga Udell, O.P.

In this volume a philosopher of renown considers the basic principles of art.

". . . The characteristic of the book that recommend it are three: clarity of treatment; the use of recognized works of art from which to form inductions about the nature of art; the Aristotelian-Thomistic metaphysics that forms the foundation for the author's whole theory."—Chicago *New World.* 222 pp., $3.00

at your bookstore or from

B. HERDER BOOK CO.

15 & 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis 2, Missouri

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Screen

DEATH IN THE P.M.

PERHAPS it is only a coincidence that Hollywood is suddenly releasing two films about bullfighters and bullfighting; but then again, knowing how studios work, I suspect that each of these companies hopes to be in there first and win the most plaudits and box-office receipts. Actually both of the films are good and don't really compete with each other, although each will have its adherents. *"The Brave Bulls"* will probably appeal more to the high brows; while *"Bullfighter and the Lady"* with its uncomplicated love story and handsome stars will win the movie fans.

Readers of Tom Lea's novel may expect the movie of "The Brave Bulls" to offer more, but even they will be spellbound by the fine shots of bullfighting and the film's skillful handling of its theme. While the locale is Mexico and the backgrounds all pertain to bullfighting, the subject matter is universal—man's struggle to conquer fear.

In telling the story of a highly successful and popular torero, "The Brave Bulls" manages to tell the story of every man who rises to the heights through hard work and then feels insecure in his ability to maintain his position. No doubt bullfighting is a more precarious job than most, but its success, as in many other fields, depends on a number of assets, including style as well as courage and the ability to hold an audience. What happens to Luis Bello in the short time covered by this film is fascinating to watch. We learn how he rose from poverty to become a prince, an idol of the bull ring; and we also learn how he is disillusioned about the glamor of his princely position. The members of his family take advantage of him; his followers are fickle and their cheers turn to boos when his fighting loses its brilliance; his manager, who he thinks is also his friend, lets him down financially and in an even worse way by having an affair with the woman he loves. At the pinnacle of his career, Luis has to learn that man cannot live in fear.

While Producer-director Robert Rossen has done extraordinarily well in portraying the characters involved in this story, his film on a whole has an aloofness that keeps us from getting sympathetic toward the people. It is the same coldness that pervaded his other fine picture, "All the King's Men," which held our interest from beginning to end, but never allowed us to project ourselves into the controversy. We understand what is happening to Luis Bello, but we watch from a distance. Mel Ferrer's performance in the lead role is excellent, and the men around him give him fine support: Anthony Quinn as his manager, Eugene Iglesias as his young brother and disciple, and many others in

BERTA HUMMEL

Everyone has seen and admired the heart-pulling Hummels but few know the story of the wonderful woman who drew them. This is the first book in our language that tells the story of Berta Hummel who became a Franciscan Nun, Sister Maria Innocentia. Profusely illustrated with pictures of Berta Hummel and her art. $3.00

OUR LADY'S SLAVE

Have you ever heard of St. Louis Grignon DeMontfort's "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary?" Have you ever tried to read it and put it away because the idea of becoming a "slave of Mary" was repugnant? If so, here is a book that will take away your prejudice about this special devotion to Our Blessed Mother. By Mary Fabyan Windeatt. $2.50

SUSANNA MARY BEARDSWORTH

Today we read a great deal about visions, but rarely do we get an authoritative account of these people who claim to have visions, and there is much confusion. The noted professor of Ascetical and Mystical Theology of The Catholic University has written this first-hand account of his studies of such a person now living in the United States. It is written in a popular style. By Very Rev. Dr. Pascal P. Parente, S. T. D. Illustrated. $3.50

THE GRAIL

Room 3, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smaller roles that add to the film's authentic atmosphere. Miroslava is beautiful as the woman for whom Luis falls. but her portrayal has so little depth that she becomes more a symbol of passion than a living person.

My greatest argument with "The Brave Bulls" is in connection with its editing and continuity. Although the movie was handsomely photographed in Mexico, too often the episodes are placed in juxtaposition so that we cannot tell where they are happening. Too often we wonder where we are in relation to the whole, and as a consequence our interest lags. But in its excellent bullfighting scenes and when it concentrates on Luis Bello's struggle to regain his soul, "The Brave Bulls" wins one Ole! after the other.

★

OLES are merited by "Bullfighter and the Lady" too, even though this movie gives us less of soul searching and more of how to fight a bull and win a pretty girl. The plot is extremely simple: a brash American in Mexico goes in for bull fighting to attract a beauty (Joy Page) who has given him the cold shoulder. But the American (well-built Robert Stack gives a good performance in this role) also learns that there is less of princely glamor about the bull ring than he or most people think. The scenes in which Gilbert Roland, as the very popular and long experienced bullfighter, teaches the younger man the technique of bull fighting are so well done that you become a participant in this sport that is more than a sport—an art, a ritual that shows the power of courage over death.

Producer-director Budd Boetticher is unusually effective in "Bullfighter and the Lady" in making us understand what bullfighting is all about, and he has done this as much through the beautifully photographed visuals as through the commentary that accompanies his pictures. Furthermore this movie succeeds, as "The Brave Bulls" doesn't in making us respect our good neighbors to the south. But whether or not you have an interest in bull fighting, both of these films are something to be seen. They might even win an Ole! from those who think that animals are a boy's best friend.

★

I DOUBT if *"Soldiers Three"* will have either the laughs or the suspense that Kipling's stories once had for you. Of course this is Kipling-out-of-Hollywood, and in spite of the script's good dialogue, the film is polished over with a glossy quality and studded with clichés that breed disinterest. As the soldiers three, Stewart Granger, Robert Newton and Cyril Cusak have a series of Roverboyish adventures that you believe could be possible but you are sure never happened. And as their officers, Walter Pidgeon and David Niven are just too nice, lovable and big-hearted to impress anyone who has been reading modern war novels. Perhaps Kipling is too dated; or perhaps Hollywood's idea of Kipling is too dated—especially in a talky movie of this kind. But without any doubt, the idea that "Private Ackroyd is England" is dated and dead.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Best-selling books of FAITH and INSPIRATION

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD

by William E. Barrett. The instant best seller about an American flier in remote China, whose masquerading as a priest leads to strange and dangerous consequences. "A spiritual ardor so great that this novel will bring a cleansing sort of inspiration to readers of any faith or creed." —*Boston Post.* $3

MIRACLE AT CARVILLE

by Betty Martin. Edited by Evelyn Wells. Winner of a $5,000 Christopher Award for 1950. The inspiring, *true* story of Betty Martin, who at nineteen met disaster, and who for twenty years fought one of the world's most feared maladies—leprosy! "An exciting, suspense-filled account of human hopes, temporary defeat, heartbreak, and final triumph."—*N. Y. Times Book Review* $3

THE EAR OF GOD

by Patrick J. Peyton. A beautifully written book on prayer as the language of man to God—emphasizing the need for prayer in this desperate world, demonstrating its effectiveness, and showing how to pray and what to pray for. THE EAR OF GOD reaffirms the message of Father Peyton's Family Rosary crusade: *The family that prays together, stays together.* 30th thousand, $2.75

New Christopher books by

REV. JAMES KELLER

CAREERS THAT CHANGE YOUR WORLD

The guide to jobs with *purpose,* in government, education, social work, Labor radio, and T. V. "An inspired, inspiring, and practical step-by-step book that tells what YOU can do TODAY to change the world you live in."—*Fulton Oursler.* 3rd printing; 60th thousand $2

THREE MINUTES A DAY

Servicemen's Edition

The best-selling book of daily inspirational reading—now in handy pocket size for servicemen and chaplains. Bound in flexible, water repellent khaki cloth, with round corners. Packed in a convenient ready-to-ship mailing carton. Just out. $1

At all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Culture in Fragments

By SERGE HUGHES

THE PROBLEM of a fragmentary culture, a culture incapable of fashioning its own peculiar ideal, does not trouble those who are content with their position in life. Nor does it trouble those who are convinced that the complexity of every discipline has made any attempt at integration futile. The problem does, however, concern the restless, that amorphous group which includes so much and ranges from inept and banal bohemians to Christians seeking to understand the meaning of man in history, in the present.

Among the more determined in this group is one who has niched the memory of Europe in his struggles: André Malraux, archeologist, political man of action, novelist, art critic and political adviser. As a man of action he has failed, but from that failure he has gathered the materials for his success as an artist. His finest novel, *Man's Fate,* an impressive attempt of the modern European to free himself from history and to perform the only human gesture, the *free act,* in a world dominated by mechanism and power, is the forerunner of the many works inspired by a mystique of the "free act." More recently the concern which is the basis of his art, to find the proper action and values which fit with man's position in the present, has led Malraux to compose his volumes on art, the last of which *The Twilight of the Absolute* (Pantheon Press. $12.50) has recently appeared.

The work is often as brilliant as some of Spengler's historical similes. It is a big work, swashbuckling with complete contempt for facts, those fragile embryos of ideas. It is a book which, like many fine French works, has nothing to do with French clarity and is but a thinly disguised monologue.

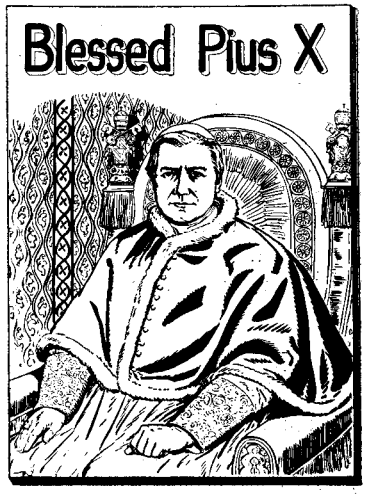
★

WHAT IS the twilight of the absolute that Malraux sees? It is the time when the sciences have become the dust of things, when art has become a bigger queen, when religions have been reduced to poetical fragments, and when all of a culture is reduced to a fragment, to a hint. It is the present time. For it is now Malraux's mature conviction that a culture is the work of a few strong generations and when they pass away, the deepest manifestations of that culture pass away, leaving behind them only reverberations. The future is the heir of the visions of that part of its apocalypses, curses, and chants. But is an heir which cannot use its

SERGE HUGHES teaches modern languages at St. John's University, Brooklyn.

BLESSED PIUS X

a low-cost, colorful value-packed biography for school and church distribution.



- **Price $7.50 a hundred**
- **36 pages**
- **Quality Paper**
- **Full-page illustrations**
- **Glossy 4-color cover**
- **Size 7½ x 10¼ inches**

NOT A COMIC BOOK—This picture story life of Pius X gives particular emphasis to his liturgical reforms, his insistence on early and frequent Communion, and the revival and extension of the activity and influence of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

Fill in this order form and return to:

CATECHETICAL GUILD
147 East Fifth Street
St. Paul 1, Minn.

Please enter my order for BLESSED PIUS X
Send ..... copies at $7.50 a hundred
NAME .....
INSTITUTION .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... **ZONE** ..... **STATE** .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inheritance, as the modern artist can no longer re-color the past.

By establishing the incommunicability of generations to each other, Malraux quickly does away with the pretended need to vision the art of the past as did its contemporaries. The end of art criticism is not to see the work of art as did its contemporaries. Such re-evocation and reconstruction is impossible . . . and if possible, meaningless if it does not become the stimulus for new art creations. We can no longer view medieval statues as did men of that time, we can no longer understand Greek icons in the way that contemporaries did—but we somehow feel that we "appreciate" them. If this be true, Malraux suggests, if we do appreciate them, it is because we put values, a meaning into them and we are justified in so doing.

There is nothing new in all this. Europe has heard these thoughts from the time of the first romantics.

★

WHAT IS NEW and of great value in Malraux's work is that together with his conviction that such an attitude toward art inevitably leads to eclecticism, there co-exists the belief that such electicism can still be productive, creative. Malraux does not believe in and rebels at the thought of the modern artist's being crushed by history. Even though the libraries are jammed with books, monographs, reproductions. Even though the museum, that mosaic too huge ever to be seen, is a modern creation. Even though there never has been such a well-organized plan to teach art in schools, and never has any serious interest in art been so wanting as today.

What would Malraux think of those who should be patrons of the artist, the men of the middle-class, and their homes? Would he believe that art appreciation is good for museums but that it can be compatible with the lowest taste in one's personal residence? What would he think of the prosperity of one of the biggest rackets in the country, the interior decorators', and the general respect in which they are held?

To ask oneself such questions is not to wander from Malraux's book, because if art is something serious, something needed, there should be a need for it in the most intimate place, the home. It is tiresome to hear philistines condemning modern art in a room decorated by a perverted interior decorator's idea of the French eighteenth century.

Malraux, however, does not concern himself with the patron of the artist (today the museums) but only with the artist. In this respect, the best part of the work is that which deals with Primitive art. It is clear to Malraux that an interest in other cultures, in African, Polynesian, Asiatic art, began at a time when the European's confidence in his culture, in his past art, had almost vanished. But Primitive art was quickly seen to be not at all a simple expression but a tremendously diversified art, in which one could find the most dramatic symbols of the depths of irrationality in man, and complete cultural cycles similar but inferior to European ones: there *is* an African romanticism, an Asiatic baroque.

NEW BOOKS OF INTEREST TO COMMONWEAL READERS

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS

By Omer Englebert

Translated by
Christopher and Anne Fremantle

In fresh and delightfully written accounts, Abbe Omer Englebert, author of *St. Francis of Assisi* and other books, gives the interesting and colorful facts and historical setting of the lives of some 2,300 of the elect.
The work is arranged according to the dates on which the saints' feasts fall during the year, with informative accounts of several saints for each day. In one readable volume, it combines an easy-flowing style with authoritative information. Handsomely printed with decorations.
Coming late May. 500 pages. $5.00

MORNING FOR MR. PROTHERO

A Novel by JANE OLIVER

A distinguished and unusual novel describing the baffling adventures of Thomas Prothero, eminent surgeon and agnostic, after he has crossed the border between life and death. $2.75

THE EARLY DAYS OF MARYKNOLL

by RAYMOND A. LANE

Delightful reminiscences of the early days of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society and of its pioneer members. By the present Superior of the "Maryknollers." $3.00

LETTERS TO THE MARTYRS

by HELEN WALKER HOMAN

The heroism of the Martyrs of Apostolic times is dramatically contrasted with that of victims of religious persecutions under the Nazis, behind the Iron Curtain, and in other lands. *Coming July.* $3.00

At your local bookstore or from

The David McKay COMPANY, Inc.
225 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL

by PAUL SIWEK, S.J.

Research Professor of Philosophy, Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, Fordham University

DISCUSSES the origin and nature of evil from both a metaphysical and a theological point of view.

Father Siwek draws upon the Greek thinkers—including the pre-Socratics, upon the medieval Schoolmen, and upon the works of outstanding modern philosophers. His analysis of Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Schopenhauer, whose views about evil form a notably important part of their respective philosophical systems, contributes greatly to his enlightening thesis.

Distinguished by clarity of reasoning and expression, and by a nonsectarian objectivity, the book will be of interest to students of philosophy, to the clergy—regardless of religious affiliation, and to the serious reader who concerns himself with philosophic thought.

Father Siwek is the author of numerous other philosophical and psychological publications in French, Polish, Latin, Portuguese, and Spanish, and has held teaching posts at the Gregorian University in Rome, and the Catholic University of Brazil.

CONTENTS: Evil, the Privation of Being. Evil in the Organic World. Ontological Evil. Evil in the Domain of the Sensitive Life. Evil in the Life of Man. The Finality of Evil in the Vegetable Kingdom; in the Animal Kingdom; in the Realm of Man. The Hierarchy of Evil; of Being. Pessimism. Optimism. $3.50

CATHOLIC SOCIAL THOUGHT

Its Approach to Contemporary Problems

by MELVIN J. WILLIAMS

The Florida State University

FOREWORD BY

The Reverend Paul Hanly Furfey

The Catholic University of America

WRITTEN by a non-Catholic, this volume summarizes, with rare impartiality, the contributions made by Catholics to social theory and the special branches of sociology. *"No Catholic can have anything but gratitude for the author's unusually objective point of view."*—**American Catholic Sociological Review.** $5.00

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY

15 East 26th St., New York 10

From all this searching, and it is good to be able to say it, there is for Malraux the conviction that Europe at its weakest is as strong as the strongest of non-European cultures. More: it can absorb foreign values into itself, and the reverse cannot be said of other cultures.

It is because of this pride in the vitality of Europe that Malraux goes so far as to accept a fragmentary culture, and is resigned to wait and hope for new forms, new expressions, new meanings to arise. He goes further. He implies that all culture henceforth must be fragmentary.

If this be so, if modern culture can no longer evolve a recognizable form as did the Renaissance, the Gothic, the Baroque, which *are* realities, the future will bring to man a solitude too terrifying to contemplate.

Because of this the Christian who cannot accept the incommunicability of one generation to another, who cannot consider cultures as organisms that live, grow, and die, cannot but spend his life attempting to impose a form upon the present. Accepting his place in history as decreed by Divine Providence, he must make his the problem of the present, his the anguish of those who are searching and suffering.

Malraux's reflections on art end on a note of hope. Actually, that hope is not far removed from despair. It could easily become despair. As long as the Christian looks upon art, and particularly modern art, with indifference or detached amusement, or with willing incomprehension, he is in part to blame. Art is very serious. Art and culture do meet. And it was Dante who said that the artist is "nephew of God."

Of Note

Sacred Things

THE following excerpt is from an article "Paul Blanshard and the New Nativism" by John Courtney Murray, S.J. in the current issue of *The Month* (114 Mount Street, W.1., London):

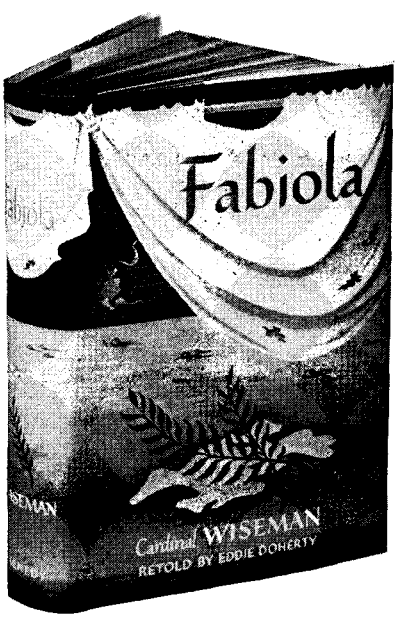
> Traditionally these have been the sacred things in man's secular life over which the Church has asserted her primatial guardianship: man's relation to God and to the Church, the inner unity of the human personality as citizen and Christian but one man, the integrity of the human body, the husband-wife relationship, the parent-child relationship, the political obligation, the moral values inherent in economic and cultural activity as aspects of human life, the works of justice and charity which are the necessary expressions of the human and Christian spirit, and finally that common patrimony of ideas which are the basis of civilized life—the ideas of law and right, of political power and the obligations of citizenship, of property, etc.
>
> It was over these sacred things, and the Church's rights in their regard, that the nineteenth-century battle between the Church and the Liberal society chiefly raged. The issue is still undecided. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

question is whether these sacred things can survive in their sacredness if jurisdiction over them, and the determination of their status in law and public respect, are to be assigned singly to the State as to the one power by which in the end the life of man is ruled. The fact that the State is democratic does not settle the question but rather gives it special pertinence, if the State's theory of itself is naturalist and secularist. And the fact that the body politic is still under the influence of the "personal religion" of some of its members, and still diffusely permeated by the survivals of religious sentiment and ethical conviction in a larger number, does not assure an affirmative answer, given the aggressiveness of the secularist faith.

Catholic thought on this question has always been clear. It is our faith that the sacred things of God—not merely the sacred things of the supra-political order (the Word, the sacraments, the Christian law) but also the sacrednesses inherent in human life—have been committed to the protection of a *potestas sacra* resident in the Church. This sacred power is not Mr. Blanshard's "Catholic power," a travesty so conceived as to make it the enemy of a mythical freedom. This sacred power is itself freedom's strong defense. Founded on the rights of God, it is the last bulwark of the rights of man. Hence the Church asserts her freedom in the use of this sacred power—her freedom, in this case, to enter the political order, there to set the protecting armature of her power about those things which must be kept sacred, if man is to be free. . . .

What I have said leads to the conclusion that the social and religious theories underlying Mr. Blanshard's book are the contemporary Enemy. By thus identifying the Enemy Mr. Blanshard becomes our friend. But he has done a further friendly act; it used to be called fraternal admonition. In this case the spirit of the admonition is hardly fraternal; but the act itself remains that of a friend. The book points out some areas wherein Catholics fall short, other areas wherein they perhaps go too far. It rebukes the spirit of enclave; how can those who live in the surrounding foreign territory fail to think of those within the enclave as foreign? It suggests that if we were not so sensitively defensive, we would not so act as to convey the impression of aggressiveness. Above all, it reminds us that, if we lived at the height of our faith and gave its native dynamism full scope, others might not take so low and narrow a view. It may legitimately be alleged, as a brief against us, that we claim to possess a Power—nothing less than the Power of the Most High, promised in pentecostal outpouring; and yet the cause of freedom, which He desires to further, somehow strangely languishes.



June Selection of the Catholic Literary Foundation

The Classic Novel of Early Christianity retold for modern readers

Few novels of the past century have enjoyed more enduring popularity than FABIOLA, classic novel of pagan-Christian Rome, with its bloody persecutions, its high heroism, its setting in twilit, glamorous decadence, its sainted characters—Sebastian, Agnes, Tarcissius, Polycarp. . . . A chronicle of the first "underground"—the catacomb—FABIOLA has unique relevance for today's readers, harassed anew by religious persecution in many parts of the world. In this new presentation, Eddie Doherty gives us a novel that has all the power of the original, and none of the handicaps due to the style of another age.

COMING MAY 29 **$3.00**

Other Spring Publications

Canticle for the Harvest, by Sister M. Hester, S.S.N.D.	May 1,	$2.75
The Power of the Sacraments, by Archbishop George Grente	May 15,	$3.50
Through My Gift, by Theodore Maynard	June 4,	$3.50
Surrender to the Spirit, by Eileen Surles, R.C.	Pubished,	$3.00
The Vital Christian, by Fulbert Cayré, A.A.	Published,	$2.00

Send for Kenedy "Spring Books" catalog.

At your bookstore

P. J. KENEDY & SONS
Publishers
12 BARCLAY STREET **NEW YORK 8**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

Kierkegaard the Cripple. Theodore Haecker. Translated by C. Van O. Bruyn. Philosophical Library. $2.75.

THE title of this essay is a somewhat misleading one, because, remembering other books on Kierkegaard, one is tempted to believe that the present title implies a mental rather than a physical deformity. One remembers too the profile drawing by his cousin, Christine Kierkegaard, dated January, 1838, and feels confirmed in one's opinion. It is therefore something of a shock to find a caricature by Marstrand, Kierkegaard a figure with spindly legs, crook-backed, skinny, and with a veritable hump upon his back. Haecker's purpose, then, in this important essay is to examine Kierkegaard's thought in the light of these physical features, and in such a context much of what until now has given rise to wild spectulations about masochism can in future be more sensibly and less sensationally treated by other writers. The introduction to the present essay by Alick Dru is an admirable step in the right direction.

This discovery, which has been dealt with at length in Rikard Magnussen's earlier book, *Soren Kierkiergaard set udefra,* is really the starting-point for Haecker. Like Magnussen, he believes that Kierkegaard's annulment of his engagement and his attack upon the Danish State Church in *The Moment* were conditioned by his hump, whilst with regard to the latter he feels that the emphasis must ultimately fall principally elsewhere. "the hump plays [by comparison with his affair with Regine Olsen] only a minor 'role'." The reason for Haecker's caution is this: that "however greatly the physical may influence the spiritual side of any man, it cannot create it." In the end he feels "Kierkegaard confuses the following: the comprehension and understanding of the life of Christ in relation to his own, so that it is difficult sometimes to know which came first with him." All is inextricably confused and one often has the impression in his works that he knows better than he writes; that long tracts of thought stretch out both behind and beyond his words, because in the conflict in his soul—a conflict between the poet and the ethical thinker—there is always the problem of the paradox which, if accepted, inevitably makes any thinker a Christian at heart, though not necessarily in outward show.

Therein lies the gist of the problem, as Haecker sees it, and as he concludes his essay: "This is where a man keeps silent in the face of an inescapable paradox, not because he is enmeshed in contradictions which embarass and perplex him, but because he is prostrate in adoration before the love and omnipotence of God . . ."

"They don't mention him very much when they talk about Catholic literary revivals any more. But he's still going strong, he's still first-rate. . . . "

—Joe Dever, Commonweal

The LOVED and the LOST

By Morley Callaghan

Callahan's long-awaited new novel is a story of selfless love and selfish betrayal, and the explosive effects of one girl's simple defiance of blind prejudice. The interracial conflict has seldom been treated so powerfully, yet so tenderly. $3.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

The Aquinas Lectures

1950 — Method in Metaphysics

Rev. Robert J. Henle, S. J.

An enquiry on the gate to metaphysics which is the "passage from sense knowledge to metaphysical knowledge strictly so-called." $2.00

~

Robert M. Hutchins, St. Thomas and The World State

Étienne Gilson, History of Philosophy and Philosophical Education

Vernon J. Bourke, St. Thomas and the Greek Moralists

Fr. Louis-Marie Régis, O. P., St. Thomas and Epistemology

E. K. Rand, Cicero in the Courtroom of St. Thomas Aquinas

Werner Jaeger, Humanism and Theology

Jacques Maritain, St. Thomas and the Problem of Evil

Yves Simon, The Nature and Functions of Authority

Anton C. Pegis, St. Thomas and the Greeks

~

A complete book list will be sent on request.

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1131 W. Wisconsin Ave. Milwaukee 3, Wis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It seems that it was the misfortune of Kierkegaard that believing himself endowed with a special mission, he conceived of himself as being different from other men: there was a certain pride that he carried in his soul like the hump upon his back which would not let him rest.

It was not that he did not love God, but that with something of both the moralist and puritan within him he was shocked at the little court which the rest of the world paid its Creator. The world had laughed at him, and he would disassociate himself from the world: let the underlings be as they would —for him the more illuminating way, perhaps the empyrean. Only in retrospect does one see the full tragedy, the tragedy of a man who in illuminating the way for others was himself at the end left still groping, still searching—a philosopher king deserted among other cripples and beggars.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

The People's General. The Personal Story of Lafayette. David Loth. Scribner's. $3.50.
Martha's Husband. An Informal Portrait of George Washington. Blair Niles. McGraw-Hill. $4.

SINCE history always has, and very likely always will, mean all things to all men, any critic who presumes his readers will necessarily agree with his pronouncements on the subject is in danger of waking up one morning as lonely as a polar bear on the banks of the Congo. Perhaps, then, a prudent reviewer of biographies would be wise in refusing to urge his own opinions; perhaps he should simply reveal, to the best of his ability, the author's intentions, and indicate the success or failure of the victim in reaching his goal. All of which is by way of a preface to a few remarks concerning the latest studies of Lafayette and Washington.

Lafayette, as many of us are already aware, isn't the easiest subject for a biographer. Though he'll always be gratefully remembered by Americans for feeding the flames of the French enthusiasm which made our independence a reality, he has been frequently suspected by Frenchmen of being too foolish to pass for a hero. Mirabeau, who wasn't the least intelligent of the promoters of the French Revolution, decided that he was as incompetent as he was ambitious. And Chateaubriand, who lived to see the aging general surrender the nation to the mercies of Louis-Philippe, was saddened by his naive response to the cheers of the mob in 1830.

To make matters even more difficult for the prospective biographer of Lafayette, the late Brand Whitlock wrote a two-volume life of the high-hearted adventurer which may never be surpassed, for Whitlock's tact was as exquisite as his sympathy and understanding were profound. One could, of course, object that Lafayette's life ought to be retold in every generation as a tract for the times, and suggest that his career ought to be restudied in 1951 when, as so often in the world's history, liberty appears to be threatened.

Whatever may be said of Mr. Loth's Lafayette, he has next to nothing in common with the character of the same name created by Ambassador Whitlock. Mr. Loth is anxious for us to realize that Lafayette at thirteen, wonder of wonders, was already "proving his manhood on the fair bodies of the virgins of the district," which reminds us that this new biographer is scarcely concerned with writing a political tract for the times. And since Lafayette wasn't really a sex-ridden maniac, Mr. Loth has to make the most of the sex life of the other people in the cast. Though Marie Antoinette snubbed Lafayette too often to be listed as one of his admirers, Mr. Loth has no hesitation in emphasizing what he believes to be her historical importance, and he daringly reprints the totally discredited rumor that she was abnormal.

IT'S only fair to add that Mrs. Niles' *Washington* is a different type of biography. She has read much, and carefully, and she's too sensitive an historian to present our first president as a Kinsey case. In her enjoyable pages the reader will learn a great deal about Washington's relations with the Fairfaxes, and about his courtship and married life, besides gaining a new appreciation of his innate dignity. Surely it would be ungrateful to criticize Mrs. Niles for the coy title of her book, or to belabor her for the Victorian habit of printing three dots when a simple period would do just as well.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

The Glory Of The Medieval World. Régine Pernoud. Roy. $4.50.

THOUGH the research of a century has widened our understanding of the religious, artistic and cultural productivity of the Middle Ages and of the mystical life that deepened not only the great works but every-day life, the Enlightenment concept of the "Dark Ages" is still widespread, especially in the Anglo-Saxon countries. Therefore every publication that deals with the medieval era in a spirit of congeniality and promotes a more profound understanding of these times is welcome, in our day. Régine Pernoud's book is animated by a fine enthusiam for the medieval world, especially the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; unfortunately it has some drawbacks that limit its usefulness.

The author illustrates the Middle Ages almost exclusively from French history and literature. Such confinement to one nation is especially inadequate for the treatment of an epoch in which Europe had a common Christian civilization, under the guidance of Rome, and an international language which united the intellectual strata of the whole Occident, making it truly one world.

Furthermore, a book that aims to bring the Middle Ages before a larger group of readers should stress elementary facts and help to orient the reader by at least one chronological list of events. Just in view of the many misunderstandings of medieval mentality such a book should be written with the greatest exactness

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and lucidity. Miss Pernoud gives a loose chain of sympathetic essays, touching on the problems in a light vein, but more suited for the enjoyment of the connoisseur than for the introduction into a new field, which is what she wants to offer.

MAX FISCHER.

Russia's Soviet Economy. Harry Schwartz, Prentice-Hall. $6.65.

THIS is much more than a textbook; it is the latest and the best survey of the economy of one of the two superpowers of our day, written so clearly that even a layman can understand it. "The author is not neutral in the present conflict between the democratic and totalitarian areas of the world," writes Professor Schwartz, "but he is acutely conscious of the necessity for correct information if our people and our policymakers are to reach sound conclusions in making the vital decisions required by the current struggle." These words might well serve as a motto for all scholars in this time of crisis. The book clearly shows the magnitude of the sacrifices which the Soviet leaders have imposed on their people in the course of their drive toward socialism. It should be said, however, that Professor Schwartz's belief that, despite its "guns before butter" policy, the regime would probably have collapsed before the German assault does not agree with the conclusions expressed in the most competent study of Russia's war effort so far published, General Augustin Guillaume's *Soviet Arms and Soviet Power.*

HAROLD C. HINTON.

Man's Freedom. Paul Weiss. Yale. $5.

IN THIS important and well-ordered book Paul Weiss presents a blue-print for freedom: the theory and the program for action. And here, in spite of the lucidity of each chapter—and they are all concluded with a recapitulation of almost Euclidean precision—one is pervaded by an uneasy feeling that freedom still remains uncaptured, that it still remains the glorious Demiurgos uncontained and uncontainable.

The chapter devoted to sacrifice and love stirs the spirit of the reader to the truth that it is not the desire for security but for freedom that makes history possible, makes morality indispensable and permits the human person to become what he is—the creation of himself by himself. Weiss realizes that there can be no freedom without sacrifice. One might however take exception to his contention that there are ethical implications in the meaning of sacrifice. If we were to accept these implications we would be compelled to reduce sacrifice either to altruism or to egotism, pragmatizing and therefore ulteriorly motivating (even unconsciously) the inherent identity of sacrifice and freedom. But both are essentially unmotivated.

There is wisdom in Weiss's words when he says that "to love is to transform what is loved." For "love

The best in Catholic scholarship

has gone into the articles of The Columbia Encyclopedia dealing with the Roman Catholic Church. Comprehensive, unbiased information on councils and schisms, monasticism and the chief orders, individual popes and Church Fathers, the Vatican, the papacy, major saints, Church and state, missions, various rites and rituals, and hundreds of other items of the rich history and organization of the Church. A particularly interesting article on the Inquisition steers a rare and rational course between the diatribe and the whitewash.

"The topics are well chosen and well treated. The arrangement is methodical, the cross references make it possible to locate the information with a minimum of difficulty."—*Catholic World.*

" . . . had occasion to consult it a number of times and found its articles pithy, up-to-date and informative . . . Definitely a good buy."—*America*

New, completely revised, greatly expanded

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

Over 70,000 subjects

At all bookstores, $28.50

For complete information write to

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Morningside Heights, New York 27, N. Y.

THE MONTH

Edited by the English Jesuits

THE MONTH provides discussions on literature, the arts, philosophy and theology, as well as creative writing, poetry and book reviews.

Among its regular contributors are M. C. D'Arcy, James Brodrick, Graham Greene, C. S. Lewis, and Christopher Dawson. It is the only review of its kind in England, and has been acclaimed both in Europe and the United States as an important periodical. The French journal *La Vie Intellectuelle* says of it: "Incontestablement la meilleure revue mensuelle en Angleterre".

Twelve issues $5

To BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC.
150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

I enclose $5 as my annual subscription to THE MONTH.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seeketh not itself to please," does not consist in a kind of post-mortem of the idea; it sees not through a mirror but face-to-face. He convincingly demonstrates that although knowledge may produce delight in the soul, freedom consists not only in its identity with will (*vide* Descartes) but also in its indeterminacy.

In spite of this, one wonders whether Weiss does not, with the Stoics, Spinoza and Hegel, find some synonymity between freedom and self-determination by means of reason. But certainly Weiss does not fall into the Kantian fallacy of conceiving freedom to be outside of time since this would be to destroy freedom altogether. If freedom is to be found at all it is in our temporal life. And it is just because our life is essentially time, or is what Bergson calls duration, that man has a consciousness of freedom. But finally the experience of freedom, its dynamic synergy and intimacy can only be an interior knowledge.

In that ultimate moment, when the free act is being accomplished in the human person, all description, all explanation, all words must cease. For here we are above and beyond the realm of the intellect and have entered the realm of being and becoming; the mind has achieved a unity with its own ultimate height and depth which at the same moment is the ultimate height and depth of the universe. And at such moment the dualism is conquered: the infinite and the finite, the inner and the outer emerging from their perpetual dialogue enter that oneness which can only be communicated and experienced through silence.

WHEN Weiss touches the sphere of science he declares "there is no science devoted to the study of man in his full concreteness. . . . Man is beyond the reach of science, even of an absolutely perfect ideal science." That is why truth has meaning and why becoming exists only in so far as it is perpetually made and unmade, he says. One almost feels oneself to be in the reassuring presence of an Ionian philosopher of old who cherished the

Cardinal Spellman's

inspiring novel

THE FOUNDLING

THE HEART-WARMING story of a baby left in a great Cathedral — and the man who found it there — told with delightful humor, love, compassion for people of all religious beliefs. *$2.75*

READY MAY 21—reserve your copy today.

At your bookstore

and you'll want to read

Pacific Hopscotch

by Sister Maria del Ray

A sprightly account of the intrepid Maryknoll sisters in China and the Pacific islands. *Illustrated with photographs, $3.00*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS *597 Fifth Ave. • N. Y. 17*

THE STORY OF A MIRACLE!

A wonderful and exciting human drama... with the humour and passion of "Going My Way" and "Song of Bernadette"

CHARLES BOYER

in

THE FIRST LEGION

with

WILLIAM DEMAREST • LYLE BETTGER
WALTER HAMPDEN • BARBARA RUSH
WESLEY ADDY • H. B. WARNER
and LEO G. CARROLL

Produced and directed by
DOUGLAS SIRK

Screen adaptation from his play by
EMMET LAVERY

Released thru United Artists

NOW PLAYING LOEW'S **STATE** B'way & 45th St.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEXICO:

A LAND
OF VOLCANOES

by J. H. SCHLARMAN

640 Pages illustrated with pictures and maps.

Have You Been to Mexico?

Are You Going to Mexico?

What Do You Know About Mexico?

Here is a book, says Father Martindale, that "surpasses all we could have hoped for. The book is a miracle of erudition, and yet as exciting as any 'thriller'; and if at times the Bishop hits extremely hard, he never loses his temper." C. C. Martindale, *Duckett's Register*, London, January, 1951.

At your bookstore

$5.00

Bruce Publishing Company,
Milwaukee

Looking for a Publisher!

Our basic policy is to encourage new authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your scholarly work, novel, play, etc., learn how we can help you. Write today for Free Booklet WL.

VANTAGE PRESS, Inc., 230 W. 41 St., N. Y. 18
In California: Equitable Bldg., Hollywood

Book Stores

ST. LOUIS. MO.

B. HERDER BOOK CO.

Two Stores:

15 AND 17 SOUTH BROADWAY
1007 OLIVE STREET
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

ST. PAUL, MINN.

MUELLER-YOUNG, INC.
(The Catholic Supply House)
145 EAST 5th STREET
ST. PAUL 1, MINN.
GArfield 4243

truth so tenderly that he could not falsely divide science and philosophy. And it is because of this dedication to man's freedom and man's consciousness that Weiss just escapes an intellectual puritanism and pleads for an interiority of experience, the plenitude of being.

If only for the courage, strength and faith of such reaffirmation, in the face of our present-day highly pragmatized and formalized existence, with its positivism logical and illogical, not to mention the insight and consciousness this book bestows, the reading of *Man's Freedom* is a most enriching, rewarding and enduring experience.

RUTH NANDA ANSHEN.

A Lost Language and Other Essays on Chaucer. Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C. Sheed and Ward. $2.25.

THERE is a noble pleasure in praising this book. And to do it without stint I say at once that it is a long time since I have read anything so delightful of its kind. Sister Madeleva is a poet as well as a scholar, and she further resembles the Chaucer about whom she writes with such loving insight in being engaged in affairs, in her case the presidency of St. Mary's College. She makes no pretence of giving us a new Chaucerian criticism but merely offers us seven essays on particular aspects of the poet's work, all of them delicate in their penetration and written in beautiful prose. Her book is quite free from that rather pedantic antiquarianism which makes one feel irritated with so much specialized research, though it is evident that Sister Madeleva knows all about it. She draws upon the long line of commentators who, from Lounsbury down to our own time, have done so much to establish Chaucer in his rightful place. G. K. Chesterton's *Chaucer,* a very brilliant performance, has sometimes been rather unfairly disparaged by the professionals, yet after all, it could be fairly objected in that case that he lacked some of the necessary scholarly equipment. Not even the most crabbed and crusty professor can complain this time, for while

Book Stores

NEW YORK. N. Y.

125th Anniversary

P. J. KENEDY & SONS

Publishers and Booksellers

12 BARCLAY STREET NEW YORK 8

CATHOLIC BOOKSHOP
OF NEW YORK
"A Religious Book for Each Religious Need"
138 WEST 32nd STREET
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Opp. Gimbels LO 5-5798

ALBANY. N. Y.

"the little portion shop"

ANNA M. SCHAEFER, Prop.
"Gifts They'll Cherish"
322 DELAWARE AVENUE
ALBANY 2, NEW YORK

NEWARK. N. J.

J. B. Reilly

Religious Articles and Books
57 HALSEY STREET
NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY

PHILADELPHIA. PA.

The PETER REILLY COMPANY

Publishers—Booksellers—Importers

131 N. Thirteenth Street
Philadelphia 7, Pa.
LOcust 4-5017

WESTMINSTER. MD.

The
NEWMAN BOOKSHOP
WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND
Washington Branch:
3428 NINTH STREET, N.E.
WASHINGTON 17, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. J. GALLERY & CO.

Catholic Books

718 11th St., NORTHWEST

For People Who Like Books

Give Gift Subscriptions to

The Commonweal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published

Mothers

A CATHOLIC TREASURY OF GREAT STORIES

Edited by Anne Fremantle

An unusual new tribute to mothers everywhere by twenty-two outstanding writers and eight noted artists. Several famous stories appear in English for the first time. Writers include Louise Imogen Guiney, Liam O'Flaherty, Paul Claudel, and Nobel Prize winner Grazia Deledda. *A treasured remembrance for Mother's Day.* **$3.75**

At all bookstores

STEPHEN DAYE PRESS

NEW YORK 10

Introductory Offer

- for new subscribers -

THE COMMONWEAL
386 Fourth Avenue,
New York 16, N. Y.

For the enclosed $1 send the next 12 issues of THE COMMONWEAL to

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

5/4/51

never obtruding it, Sister Madeleva's learning is evident in every line.

As she ventures, with the utmost courtesy, to dissent on some small points with the classical commentators, perhaps she will allow me to say that I am not quite convinced by some of the things she says about Chaucer's Nuns. She may of course be quite right in arguing that the Prioress was not young, as most critics have inferred, but middle-aged; but to refer to the Benedictine Rule for proof is not quite conclusive. During the fourteenth century and later, young—sometimes scandalously young—superiors held office. Moreover, I cannot but feel that the Prioress was a trifle affected, for it "peyned hire to countrefete cheere/ Of court, and to been estatlich of manere." As for her table manners, no doubt she was wearing a new habit because she was on a journey and therefore, as Sister Madeleva suggests, had to be more than usually careful "That no drope ne fille upon hire brest." But I wonder why we have the spelling "Cresyde" several times when it is "Criseyde" in the editions of Pollard, Skeat and Robinson, unless this was a printer's error. However, these, like a few others I might mention, are small matters and in no way detract from the value of a really first-rate work.

Sister Madeleva points out that Chaucer's is a lost language, not so much because of the difficulties of its spelling as because most of the critics, even when sympathetic (as they usually are) do not quite enter into Chaucer's Catholicism. She says of his "Retractation"—though I think his penitence excessive—"He might have been content with the immortality of a pilgrim. He desired the immortality of a penitent. He had reached Canterbury; he would reach Christ." Equally finely she says of that most touching conclusion of "Troilus and Criseyde" that youth has seldom been more honored than by Chaucer's great address to them.

The gem of the collection is her essay "A Child's Book of Stars" on his "Treatise on the Astrolabe." From start to finish Sister Madeleva is absolute perfection here, touching upon "Chaucer's joy in his happy craft," and the way he writes for his

CHRISTOPHER THE GIANT

By Claire Huchet Bishop

This life story of Christopher, the Christ-Bearer, has been given the Imprimatur of his Excellency, the Most Reverend Archbishop Cushing of Boston. The thrilling story of a giant among men who searches for a master is the first in a series of children's books of the saints by favorite author Claire Bishop. Illustrated in four colors and black and white by Berkeley Williams.

At all Bookstores

$1.50

H.M.Co.

for children of all ages

"RAINBOW GOLD"

by Haven A. Mason

Catholic Children's Book Club Selection

"The charming and quaintly told story of Pattye Paget who lived in 16th century England, and how she rid her own village and a neighboring castle of witches and evil spirits . . . aided by gold found at the end of the rainbow."—*Catholic Children's Book Club.*

$3.50 at leading bookstores or direct from

The CAXTON PRINTERS, Ltd.

Caldwell, Idaho

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son, ten-year-old Lewis, as friend to friend, never writing down but also being simple, and knowing "Me semith better to written unto a child twyes a good sentence, than he forget it onys." She comments: "It may somewhat disconcert educators today to find a fourteenth-century controller of customs in possession of a perfect theory and practice of teaching. It may amaze them to find a builder of roads supervising highways to the sun."

Of her whole book it may be said that she is unfailingly charming and tender and humorous. Hardly any praise could be too high for what Sister Madeleva has written.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

America Begins. Richard M. Dodson, Editor. Pantheon. $4.50.

THIS collection of early American writing is an admirable introduction to the too often forgotten riches of our seventeenth-century literature, which was not confined to dreary sermons and limping neoclassic verses. In choosing his selections Professor Dodson has concentrated on the literature of action, the narratives written by the men who made America out of the wilderness, and who often were as ready with their pen as with their sword and musket.

The book draws upon many authors, some familiar, some obscure. Abandoning the traditional chronological arrangement, the editor has wisely divided his selections into eight categories: voyages, "natural wonders," "remarkable providences," Indian captivities, savage "conceits and antics," Indian treaties, "witchcrafts," and forest wars.

Since the editor is a folklorist with both historical and literary interests, he does more justice than most to the early literature of the Indian and to nature writing, in addition to skimming the cream of the better-known voyages, histories, journals, and captivities. The volume is a handy and useful contribution to the current reexamination of our past.

MASON WADE.

• REVIEWERS •

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE is an English critic, editor of the literary quarterly *The Wind and the Rain.*

WAYNE ANDREWS is the author of *The Vanderbilt Legend.*

MAX FISCHER teaches courses on medieval culture at the New School for Social Research in New York.

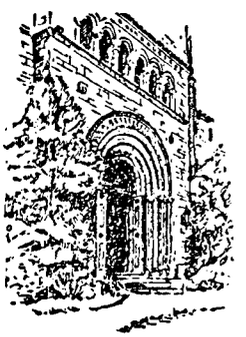
HAROLD C. HINTON is a member of the History Department at Georgetown.

RUTH NANDA ANSHEN is editor of Harper's Science and Culture series.

THEODORE MAYNARD has written many volumes of poetry, biography and history.

MASON WADE is the author of *The Journals of Francis Parkman.*

CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE
Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania
Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph
Approved by the Association of American Universities.
For further information write to the Registrar.



Prospective students should make early application

CAMP NOTRE DAME
IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS
NEW HAMPSHIRE
BOYS — Ages 6 to 16 — GIRLS
NAMASCHUAUG — SPRUCELAND
LAKE SPOFFORD — GRANITE LAKE
50th SEASON — 29th SEASON
$200 Nine Weeks — $225 for Season
$110 Per Month — $120 Per Month
MARQUETTE
BOYS — 29th Season — ON LAKE SPOFFORD
Featuring $60 Two-Week Reservations
Resident Chaplain and Registered Nurse at Each Camp
Physician in Attendance — Balanced Meals
Finest Equipment—Beautiful Waterfronts—Mature Supervision
Transportation Included in All Fees
For Booklet
(Boys) Write (Girls)
JOHN E. CULLUM — MR. and MRS. L. T. FELL
Camp Notre Dame
Capitol Building, Union City, New Jersey
Phone UNion 3-3810—If no answer Call UNion 5-7178

ST. THOMAS MILITARY ACADEMY
A Catholic Preparatory School for Boys. Classified by War Dept. as an "essentially military" school. R.O.T.C. Highest War Department designation. Fully accredited. Well-rounded sports program. Conducted by priests of the Archdiocese of St. Paul assisted by lay faculty. Military instruction by U. S. Army officers. Catalog.
Address Very Rev. Vincent J. Flynn, President, Box 8
St. Thomas Military Academy, St. Paul 1, Minn.

CAMP WE-HA-KEE — On Green Bay, Marinette, Wisconsin
For Girls 6-16
Conducted by Dominican Sisters, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin
1951 Season June 27-August 22, $350.
For information write
Sister David O'Leary, 192 Ridge Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY
Quebec, Capital of French Canada
Summer Courses (June 26th-August 4th)
Department of French (all courses in French)
Department of Spanish (all courses in Spanish)
School of Philosophy (courses in English)
Please write for program and information to:
Secrétariat des cours d'été, Université Laval,
Québec, Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colleges and Schools

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional advantages. For information address the Registrar.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

Classified

★ Rate for your message, 12½c a word (85c each for displayed lines; $1.50 minimum ad). Discounts: 5% for 3 times. 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

SPIRITUAL READING

★ Dynamic miniature spiritual reading.
THINKER'S DIGEST
Dallas, Pa.
Quarterly: $1.50 a year, $2.50 two years.

NEW JERSEY

CALDWELL COLLEGE

Caldwell, New Jersey. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Located twenty miles from New York City. Resident and non-resident students. Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees. Address Registrar for information. Telephone Caldwell 6-3660.

NEW YORK

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE

Grymes Hill, Staten Island, N. Y. Full State and Regional Accreditation. Degrees: B.A., B.S., B.S. in Education and Commerce. Pre-Law and Pre-Medical Courses. Teacher Training Course. Registration by appointment. Phone: GIbraltar 7-4343.

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT SCHOOL OF NURSING

Conducted in cooperation with St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City. Offers courses leading to Diploma of Nursing and Bachelor of Science Degree with a major in Nursing. Write for Bulletin L to Director of Nursing, College of Mt. St. Vincent, Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 71, N. Y.

OHIO

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. JOSEPH ON-THE-OHIO

Half-hour bus ride from Cincinnati. Fully accredited liberal arts college for women. Teacher preparation in Art, Music, Dramatics, Home Economics, Dietetics, Social Service, Business Education, Library Service. Four-year nursing program approved by the National Nursing Accrediting Service. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati. Address: The Dean.

KANSAS

ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE

Atchison, Kansas. A Catholic College for men conducted by the Benedictine Fathers. A Liberal Arts College, accredited by the North Central Association. Located fifty miles north-west of Kansas City, Missouri, on the Missouri River. Address Registrar for information.

NEW JERSEY

DELBARTON SCHOOL

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

RHODE ISLAND

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island, 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport, on inland waters of Narrangansett Bay. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Five forms, 8th grade and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course for all colleges and technical schools. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Languages. College Board Examination. Full facilities for athletics including sailing. Address the Secretary.

OHIO

GILMOUR ACADEMY

Gates Mills, Ohio. A Resident Preparatory School for Boys. Conducted by The Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. Situated in suburban Cleveland, enjoying the facilities afforded by the city's libraries, galleries and museums. Distinctive rural-home atmosphere. 133 acre campus. Educational, cultural, and physical training programs. Fully accredited four year college preparatory course offered. Clases limited to 15 students. Brother Theophane Schmitt, C.S.C., Headmaster.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE THIS?

If so, we have some excellent books for sleeping under, but none of them will be mentioned here—these are definitely the sort you stay awake to read:

EVERYBODY CALLS ME FATHER

by Father X

The *Commonweal* reviewer couldn't bear this book, but we loved it on sight—long before it started in selling 1,000 a week, though naturally that didn't lessen our affection for it. There's no doubt that we are incurable lowbrows, what about you? $2.25.

PORTRAIT OF LEON BLOY

by Elfriede Dubois

No one, on the other hand, could call this lowbrow, but we do call it good sense, and people don't often write sense on Bloy; they are usually too violently attracted or repelled. Elfriede Dubois keeps her balance and refuses to regard her subject as all angel or all monster. $2.00.

BEYOND EAST AND WEST

by John Wu

Dr. Wu, so Chinese, so Catholic, so alarmingly learned and withal so amusing, is our candidate for the Most Surprising Convert of the Century. If we knew more about Chinese Catholicism and realized that there are more Catholics in China than in Ireland, perhaps we shouldn't be so surprised. But we should be just as entertained. Illus. $3.50.

SONG AT THE SCAFFOLD

by Gertrud von Le Fort

We have reprinted this story of the martyrdom of a convent of Carmelite nuns during the French Revolution. It's a short novel, but for many people the favorite of all Gertrud von Le Fort has written. $2.25.

Graduations are now upon us and a **Knox LATIN-ENGLISH DAILY MISSAL** is about as handsome and useful a gift as you can give—see them before you buy anything else. They come in four editions: black leather with red edges, $10; leather with gold edges, $12; morocco $15; sealskin, $25. There's also the boxed edition of Msgr. Knox's translation of the whole **Bible:** all three volumes, beautifully bound in a substantial, good-looking box. This cost $15. And the GIFT EDITION of the Knox **NEW TESTAMENT** which has 30 reproductions of Old Masters in full color ($5.00). And, if we were graduating, we wouldn't in the least mind getting a copy of **THE MARY BOOK, F. J. Sheed's** assembly of the best things written about Our Lady by more than 30 top-flight authors. It's illustrated with 12 plates, 4 of them in full color ($4.00). After all, it's May. We are being helpful, aren't we? If you want to know still more, we refer you to the new **Trumpet**—if your copy hasn't arrived by this time, send **Lucy MacGill** a card.

Order books from your bookstore

SHEED & WARD NEW YORK 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED